

OCTOBER, 1921

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

In Hoc Signo! - - - J. Corson Miller

Giosue Borsi: Poet, Soldier, Convert - - -
Pasquale Maltese

Whereon They Crucified Him Hubert Cunningham, C. P.

What Will The Sterling-Towner Bill Do For
Education? - - - John McGuinness

The Church's Attitude Towards Divorce

The
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West Hoboken

New Jersey



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THE SIGN

West Hoboken New Jersey



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West Hoboken

New Jersey

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 3

In Hoc Signo!

J. CORSON MILLER

Men say we're dust of dreams,—no more, no less,—
Have kinship with the rose,—the blade of grass;
And, like the sunset-breeze, we rise and pass
Into the dark; that we do onward press,
Blindly, against the goal to—Nothingness:
Each man a bit of that atomic mass
That Science calls the Cosmos,—flame and gas—
Which is our chemic prototype and dress.

But I have felt the whirr of love's warm wings,
And heard a child's white prayer at twilight's hour;
I've known the song the shriven spirit sings,
Newly released from sin's debasing power.
Away with men's despair and sickening dross!
I see Christ's face upon His cruel cross.

Giosue Borsi: Poet, Soldier, Convert

PASQUALE MALTESE

THE World War was the occasion of revealing many and varied extraordinary types of character who already have had their day and vogue. Few of those who loomed large in the public eye during the long period of strife are destined to survive the immediate aftermath of the war. Among the small minority who will outlive the memory of this tempestuous generation is to be numbered, I think, the youthful Italian Lieutenant, Giosue Borsi.

Though distinguished among his contemporaries for his valor, his lasting appeal will rest, not upon his record as a soldier, but upon his attainments in letters which made him a conspicuous figure in present day Italian intellectual and social circles, and upon his rare qualities of soul expressed in his mystic writings which so wonderfully portray the intimate communings of a man with his Maker, and which have already taken a unique place in the devotional literature of the Church.

I shall always regard it as an exceptional privilege to have been instrumental in placing within the reach of the English-reading public some of these writings. If I may be permitted to confess a thing so personal, I once said to my dear friend, the lamented Henrico Caruso, that I had thought his voice the most beautiful in all the world, but that I had discovered another voice wider in range and sweeter in melody—the voice of Giosue Borsi.

At the request of the Editors of *The Sign* I gladly give an outline of the life of this brilliant youth which will be helpful, I trust, in making him better known and enhance his writings for those who are already familiar with their charm.

GIOSUE BORSI was born in Leghorn, Italy, June 10, 1888. His parents were Averardo Borsi and Verdiana Fabbri. He was one of three children. His sister Laura was two years older and his brother Gino some years younger.

From his earliest years he manifested remarkable literary ability. At the age of 13 he wrote a poem to his mother which the distinguished Pro-

fessor Romagnolo does not hesitate to term a classic. At 15 he wrote and published a volume of poems entitled *Primus Fons*; and at 17 another volume, *Scruta Obsoleta*. At 20 he was recognized as a foremost commentator on Dante. I have before me a much-prized gold medal, given me by Giosue's mother, which was presented to him by the Dantean Society of Italy on the occasion of his delivering a masterly oration on the greatest of Christian poets. He succeeded his father as editor of *Il Nuovo Giornale* of Florence at the age of 22.

Unfortunately, Giosue was raised in an irreligious atmosphere. His father was the owner and general editor of a chain of strongly anti-clerical newspapers. He was not an atheist, as some have said. Probably he would call himself a Catholic, and he was one after a fashion. It was owing largely to his writings that the crucifix was retained in the Italian courtrooms when its removal was urgently insisted upon by his anti-clerical associates. Madame Borsi could hardly be called a practical Catholic. Whatever religion there was in the family she had. If to-day she is an exemplary Catholic her conversion is due to her son.

Giosue received his first Holy Communion in



LIEUTENANT GIOSUE BORSI

THE † SIGN

his fourteenth year. The ceremony took place privately in a village church and probably without the consent or knowledge of his father. This is the only external act of religion recorded in his life until his conversion some twelve years later.

He made his higher studies in the University of Leghorn where he received his degree in law. He had no particular liking for the bar, and on quitting the university he adopted journalism as a profession. His first work was on *Il Nuovo Giornale*, owned and edited by his father.

The elder Borsi died Dec. 10, 1910. His death was due chiefly to grief over a family tragedy which involved the honor of his daughter. Not quite two years later Laura herself died, July 18, 1912. Both died without the sacraments and were denied Christian burial. They were buried together in the cemetery of Porte Sante in the section reserved for non-Catholics. Their tomb is simply inscribed — Averardo Borsi 1858-1910. Laura Borsi 1886-1912.

traits of the young Borsi and strove to impress him with the sheer vanity of earthly ambitions and accomplishments. At his suggestion Giosue commenced the serious reading of the *Bible*, the *Little Flowers of St. Francis* and the *Confessions of St. Augustine*.

Up to this time he had lived and written as a cultured pagan. If he had any definite plan in life

it was to be, after the manner of St. Augustine "a peddler of rhetoric;" and, like Augustine again, he was carried away, with all the torrential exuberance of his warm southern temperament, into a very vortex of dissipation. His immorality was none the less gross for all his polish and refinement.

There is one striking witness to an innate spirituality in him which was never quite extinguished. This was his pure love for a sweet Catholic girl. He has idealized her in a series of love letters published under the title *Letters to Julia*. He had such an exalted regard for her character that he could not express orally his

intense affection and admiration. He wrote these letters to her but never had the courage to send them.

It seems that the first definite step towards his conversion was taken in connection with his editorial work. In the interests of his newspaper he had frequently consulted with Father Guido Alfani, P. M., Director of the Florentine Observatory and famous as a seismologist. He was largely responsible for discrediting Guilio Ulivi, the man



GINO

LAURA

GIOSUE



VERDIANA BORSI



GIOSUE AT 17

Giosue's sensitive nature was deeply touched by the early and unhappy demise of his father and sister. In company with his mother he frequently visited the cemetery, seeking solace in nearness to the remains of those whom he had so passionately loved. In the course of these visits he became acquainted with some of the local Franciscan Fathers. Between him and Father Biagio Cinaldino, O. F. M. there grew up a warm friendship. The good friar could not fail to be impressed by the many beautiful

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who had all the European military authorities actively interested in his manipulation of ultra-red rays whereby, he claimed, bombs might be exploded at a distance without the use of wires or other contact apparatus. Giosue was an enthusiastic admirer of Ulivi and energetically championed his claims in the columns of his newspaper.

Though keenly disappointed with Father Alfani's unmasking of Ulivi's pretensions, Giosue continued to visit the priest who proved himself as thorough a guide of souls as he was a scientist. It was he who satisfied Giosue's religious difficulties and received him back into the Church. To him the new convert could justly say: "I owe you more than my life."

ON July 18, 1914, the second anniversary of his sister's death, during the Mass offered for the repose of her soul, young Borsi received Holy Communion for the second time in his life. On this occasion he received not with the per-

functoriness of a careless school-boy but with the solid fervor of a convinced Catholic. He had prepared himself by repeated confessions and long hours of prayer and meditation. After Communion he exclaimed: "Now begins the new life."

What that new life was may be best judged from his *Spiritual Soliloquies*. He began the writing on them May 4, 1915, and finished October 16, 1915. There are fifty-four in number, and are replete with salient points and suggestions on all phases of the spiritual life. They seem to have been written under the influence of a marvellous infusion of the Holy Spirit. By some they are regarded as a twentieth-century version of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. Cardinal Maffi, who confirmed Giosue, has expressed the opinion that they will stand with the *Confessions*

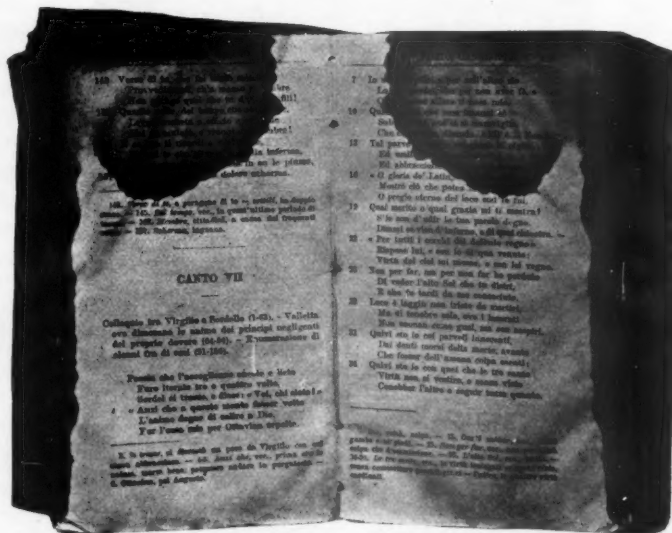
as amongst the greatest ascetical literature produced by the Church.

WHEN Italy entered the European war Borsi enlisted at once. From the very first he had a presentiment that he was to die in battle. That feeling became very real to him and colored everything he did. He proved himself to those under his command to be the kind of soldier he desired to be: "I truly hope that the Lord God has given me the grace of a fairly brave heart that nothing can shake. I hope that if I shall fall I shall fall like a good strong soldier, with calm, serene and fearless courage; I hope that I shall show myself intrepid before my soldiers; I hope that the death so many times desired and invoked will not succeed in overcoming me with cowardly, childish fright, but that I shall welcome it smiling, like a good friend, and accept it with honor." His men have testified how val-

antly he led them in action, and what an inspiration to courage and steadfastness his own example gave them.

One of the few loves his conversion did not compel him to sacrifice was his love for Dante. He always carried a copy of the beloved author in his coat pocket. His new life had given a fresh interpretation to the words of the great poet.

On November 10, 1915, Giosue Borsi fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading his platoon to the attack on the Isonzo front. When his comrades reached him they saw him press to his heart his copy of Dante which was stained with his blood. Before he died he handed them the book and said: "Give that to my mother. May my sacrifice and her sacrifice be acceptable to God."



BORSI'S BLOOD-STAINED COPY OF DANTE

THE † SIGN

SHORTLY after his death his last letter was found. It had been written on October 21. It was addressed to his mother and was to be delivered to her only in the event of his death. It is a singularly human document glorified with the beautiful Christian spirit of filial piety. Translated into many languages it has made the rounds of the world. Thus the deep love for his mother which impelled him to write his first poem in her honor was with him in the moment of death and is witnessed to after his passing.

The whole-hearted conversion of Giosue Borsi came as a shock to the anti-clericals who had hoped that this talented young man would prove an able successor to his father in the ranks of anti-Catholic journalists. He has become instead a very apostle of Catholicism. His writings are an inspiration for many to seek the higher things, and a proof that the Church, through her teachings and sacraments, can still take our human clay, however weak and tainted, and build it up into a breathing saint.

Borsi is the patron saint of the intellectuals. He in the twentieth century, as Dante in the thirteenth, illustrates the age-old truth that the human

soul is by nature Christian, and that the highest gifts of genius have their fullest play in the expression of those dogmatic, eternal truths which the Church formulates in clearest terms and voices in the unhesitating accents of divine authority.

THE influence of Borsi in Italy, particularly, is a palpable force. The anti-clericals claim him as their own, and regard his conversion to Catholicism as the weakness of a great mind under the stress of intense sorrow and morbid brooding.

That the Catholic view of Borsi is the correct one is proved beyond doubt by his spiritual writings which abundantly show that it is only a deep love for God that can beget expansive and genuine sympathy for men.

The Catholic view is further established by the large number of young men, mostly university students, upon whom Borsi's example is exercising a most healthful influence. His cult grows daily. I may sum up the results of his active influence in words which some time since I wrote his mother: "You have lost one son. God has given you a thousand."

The Holy Rosary

IN his encyclical letter on the centenary of St. Dominic the Holy Father takes occasion to encourage the devotion of the Rosary. The Rosary is the dearest devotion to the Mother of God. Ever Catholic knows that intimacy with Mary preserves him from indifference and tepidity and that the Rosary is the simplest means of maintaining that intimacy. Thus, too, it becomes a daily source of grace and spiritual stimulation and very nearly a guarantee of final perseverance.

Recommendations

1. Esteem the Rosary for its antiquity and the prodigies wrought through it for peoples and individuals in desperate need. Esteem it for its origin: the prayers composing it and their peculiar sequence were composed and approved in heaven. No more precious words and sentiments could we repeat.

Direct approval of this repetition of prayers we have from our Lord: "*Knock*, and it shall be opened unto you," and by His own example: "Jesus prayed the third time saying the self same word."

2. Recite the Rosary once a day: preferably early in the day if you find that at bed time you are generally too weary for mental effort. Carry your beads about with you so that on busy days you may seize any opportunity which offers to say your Rosary even while abroad.

3. Recite your Rosary always slowly and fervently. Said thus it will take up only ten minutes. Said with distraction and feverish haste it will invariably seem an onerous and tedious exercise. Time never drags wearily when we bring close attention and interest to what we are doing.

4. See that all the proper indulgences are applied to your beads, especially that you may share these indulgences with the departed.

Whereon They Crucified Him

HUBERT CUNNINGHAM, C. P.

IN the article published in the preceding issue of *The Sign* I attempted to show that devotion to the holy Passion of Our Lord reaches back to the beginnings of Christianity; that all other devotions, compared with it are recent—that love for Christ Crucified is the fountain source and the motive of every other Christian devotion.

This is thought—provoking. It is solidly true that the more we study it the more convincing it becomes and the more attractive. For that reason I feel induced to follow it up.

The preceding paper treated the subject only in a general way but it would be an unfortunate mistake to suppose that devotion to Christ Crucified in the lives of His children was ever, even in the earliest days of the Church, a vague generality, a sporadic whim or an elusive sentiment. No; it was a ruling factor in the lives and conduct of the people and showed itself in substantial realities, as all solid devotion must, by vigorous, definite, particular and public facts and in many and bold and beautiful ways. One of these ways was the devotion of Christians to the holy Cross of Christ. We can trace this all the way back to Calvary as an uninterrupted practice.

Devotion to the holy Cross of Christ is a subject that is full of edification but it is vast—so far stretching that I cannot attempt to cover it. This article will contain just a few matters of instructive and edifying interest on early devotion to the holy Cross just to show our Catholic people in some better way how fundamentally set in the history and texture of the holy faith is this beautiful devotion and so to supply their minds with more solid food for fervor.

Devotion to the Cross of Christ goes right back to the very infancy of the Church. It is gratifying to recall that there have been painted in these later years and that in spite of the vulgar and commercial trend of art, many very excellent Calvary pictures. One of these occurs to me just now as appropriate to my thought. The subject is an aftermath of the Great Tragedy and is painted by P. R. Morris and he entitles the work "Whereon They Crucified Him." The artist shows a bare cross staked upright; a rope left dangling over the two sides of the cross-

beam, reaches to the ground and hanging awry from one of the arms of the cross is the title which had been placed over the Savior's head. Standing there in front of the cross, gazing intently, sadly, is a sandal-shod mother eagerly lifting up her babe that he might the better see the solemn sight. With the inerrancy of Christian instinct the artist has caught the truth and in this simple and direct way he tells the story of early Christian devotion to the Cross of Christ. It would stamp that Cross upon the heart from very babyhood! That picture defines my thought.

THE bitter Passion of our Blessed Savior ended with the crucifixion and His sacred death upon that Cross. This we know was horrible in the extreme. That is the reason why it was a punishment fit for and inflicted upon only the most brutal and degraded class of criminals. It is what Tacitus calls *supplicium servile*, the slave's punishment. For that reason in Rome itself it was forbidden by law to condemn to this form of death any but the slave. The unfortunate so condemned was striped naked and nailed to two cross tree trunks or stout branches and lifted up for mockery to the view of the public. The nails which paled him to those two beams were the only support of the wretched man's weight. There he hung fixed, conscious, suffering, watching himself die, and there he hung for hours, some times for days of this excruciating agony while people passed him by or heartlessly gazed or, worse still, jeered at his miserable condition—at his pains, his tears, his groans and his cries. It was a death of human cruelty and lingering misery, it was long-drawn-out and salted with open and public disgrace.

This unspeakable punishment was the acme of all those sufferings which poor Jesus Christ had been now bearing for the previous fifteen hours and the mystified, discredited and heart-broken lovers of our Blessed Savior felt the bitterness of it to the quick. Yes, they knew the acid meaning of utter defeat and its complete anguish.

But when the climax of that horrible tragedy came with sudden mid-day darkness and cracking

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rocks and the spectral forms of dead men flitting through the gloom, and when scared and skulking crowds groped their stumbling way down that hill-side moaning that they had murdered the Living God, the vision of the holy Cross as the majestic center of all the universal forces wrecked, drawn and swirling about it as helpless as chaff in the cyclonic winds shot down into their bosoms with a vividness never to be forgotten and into their hearts as the embodiment of the Sacred Passion of Christ and the symbol of His unconquerable power. From that day and in these impressive surroundings when Jesus consecrated its precious wood by His wounds, by His sufferings, by His blood and by His death, and when by its weakness and its shame He overcame the powers of the world, the holy Cross became an object of Christian love and veneration. Christian devotion to the Cross began on Mount Calvary.

In the thought thus expressed there is sublime Christian inspiration. It surely makes a man feel proud of his faith and of his fathers. But the statement is not the product of fertile imagination or of fervid pietism; no, it is the fruit of calm and accurate research. Following the lines of ordinary investigation we can trace Christian devotion to the holy Cross back and back further through the mists and the mazes of all the past centuries with a clearness that is unmistakable and by arguments of every kind, from friend and from enemy. Wherever we search in every age and every country the children of the Church have left the Cross traceable upon everything with which their lives came in contact.

HERE is a very simple illustration of it. A young man named Orestis and a splendid type of the all-round athlete, was entered as an attraction for the games. At throwing the discus he was a star, and while executing this feat

his cross fell out of his clothing on to the field. Such an accident as this is touching; to us Catholics it is living and very human. The like of it might happen and is happening today. Wherever our Catholic young men gather they carry with them the evidences of their faith and devotion—on to track and diamond, as we saw them carry their crucifix with courage and confidence into the camps and on to the battlefields of Europe. But this incident did not happen here or among the athletes of to-day; it happened away off in Cappadocia and away back in the fourth century. That fallen cross there on the field showed that this star discus-thrower was a Christian. The pagans murdered him for that and so we have St. Orestis, the Martyr, giving us an example of devotion to the holy Cross as it was practised fifteen hundred years ago.

This is interesting and convincing. Can we find such evidences as this any further back than this?—

for the further back we

go the more interesting this matter becomes. Yes, we can go back, a hundred, even two hundred years further and find the same evidences of this beautiful practice. In my search of his subject I have not been satisfied to accept at face value the quotations and citations which I have met. Wherever it has been possible I have gone to the source myself and with the result, namely: that I have seen the holy Cross appearing in the writings of the third and the



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second century as variously, spontaneously and in as matter-of-course a way as it might appear in the works of any Catholic writer of our own times. It comes up in all phases and on all occasions.

AT this point I am naturally impelled to give some passages from these ancient writers but my quotations would have to be few and short and so the argument which they would form would be weak and misleading. It would not even suggest the immense weight behind it for the evidence is indeed a veritable mass. As well might I expect to convince a blind man of the vastness of an ocean scene by allowing a drop of water to fall upon his eager, outstretched hand as by a few sentences from these writers to demonstrate the sweeping testimony which they give to the universal presence of the holy Cross in the religious lives of their contemporaries.

Here I would ask the reader to stop for a while and think and allow the full force of these statements to sink into the mind for it is all very wonderful. We must particularly remember that we are

not here talking about the decayed remnants of some past glory, of the hazy lines of a great historic feat nor the discovered evidences of quaint, fantastic and faded national customs; there is no question of a valuable but dead relic of the vanished ages such as a moss-covered ruin, an ancient mummy or a crumpled papyrus. This article is not talking of anything dead but of a living thing of the present day, of something that is a real fact and a mighty factor among the men and women of our own time—an actual constituent of our own lives. We are studying Catholic devotion to the holy Cross of Jesus Christ, that same which we know so well as a part of the daily and hourly religious life of our own Catholic people, in our churches and in our homes and in our own conduct; we are looking at this same as it appears in history and we are able to trace it—clear, distinct, vigorous—in spite of all the wreckage and the rubbish of devastating time back and back for nigh to eighteen hundred years. Could it possibly, by any authentic evidences, be brought nearer than this to its source? This we shall see in our next paper.

The Greater Love

OUR Lord's Passion, like a wonderful melody, never grows old. As often as it is heard, the human heart is stirred with unwonted emotion and glows more ardently with an answering love. Love always exercises a powerful influence over the human heart, and the greater the love the more absolute its sway. The Sacred Passion is the story of love, infinite and eternal—hence, the everlasting vigor of its reign.

Of Cyrus, King of Persia, it is told that, having conquered Arabia, he brought with him as captive on his triumphal return a queen noted for her dignity and beauty. Her husband at once made his way to Persia to liberate her. When he appeared before Cyrus, he was asked what he would give for her ransom. He answered: "I will give myself, my very life." Cyrus was so deeply impressed by this manifestation of true and unselfish devotion, that he not only gave her back to her husband but on their departure, enriched them with most precious

gifts. This is an example of a love that knows no limit: such love sacrifices itself, its very existence, for the one beloved.

How insignificant does not even the deepest human love appear when compared with God's love for man! That love must be great enough to disarm the infinite wrath of the Eternal Father bent upon the destruction of sinful men. Behold the Son of the Most High, the King of Kings, steps between the uplifted avenging hand of God the Father and rebellious man. The Eternal Father demands justice, the Eternal Son pleads for mercy, offering Himself, His very life, as the price of Eternal Justice. The Eternal Father accepts the offer. When in the fulness of time the Son of God dies on the gibbet of the Cross we have a proof of a love that is stronger than death. "Greater love than this no man hath, than that a man lay down his life for his friend."

What Will the Sterling-Towner Bill do for Education?

JOHN MCGUINNESS

WHAT will the Sterling-Towner Bill do for education? What effect will Federalization have on the schools? These and similar questions we hear asked in many quarters.

The Sterling-Towner Bill will not improve our educational system. Federalization will destroy it. We can picture Sterling-Townerites throwing up their hands in horror at these words. But let me repeat them so that every reader may get their full import. The Sterling-Towner Bill will not improve our educational system. Federalization will destroy it.

It has been pointed out by eminent students of government, that one of the defects in our form of government is that the frequent changes in politics give rise to the spoils system. Patronage is the compensatory rewarder of the party workers. So we always find the "outs" fighting to overthrow the "ins" that they may capture the spoils. Right here lies the great danger to the schools—politics. Those who have been connected with Boards of Education know how *detrimental politics are to education* and that there is nothing which disrupts a school system so quickly. Every community has to contend with politics, and few, if any, are ever entirely successful in keeping them out of the schools.

The Sterling-Towner Bill opens wide the avenue for politics to enter the school system on a scale never dreamt of by the States or towns. With every change in national politics, which can happen every four years, a new Secretary of Education and sub-ordinates will be appointed from the party coming into power. President Harding, immediately upon assuming office, appointed a new Commissioner of Education.

A Federal Department of Education, because of the very nature of its work and effect upon the people, will be a far *bigger issue* in the national election *than the other Federal Departments* have

been heretofore. One party will stand to increase the appropriation for education and to extend the activities of the Department. This would tax the people heavily. High taxation always meets with opposition and invariably defeats the party responsible for it. Of course, the party seeking to get in power would stand for the opposite, a reduced appropriation, curtailment of the Department's activities and a corresponding reduction in taxes. As first one and then the other of the two large parties will be entrusted with power, it is obvious that the *barometer* of education is sure to go *up and down*.

Congressional elections come every two years.

It is not unusual for the party which carried the national election to lose control of at least one branch of the Congress in the Congressional election following. In fact, this very frequently happens. Politics then come into play. If the victorious party found it to their political advantage to cut an educational appropriation bill to the bone or

kill it entirely, this would be done.

UNDER a Federal system of education there can be *no assurance beyond two years* as to plans and scope of education. The advocates of the Sterling-Towner Bill are notoriously silent on this. They well know that a Federal Department of Education, because of political changes, can not function differently from any other Federal Department. Bear in mind this fact, and never for a moment lose sight of it, that what one Congress does another Congress can undo.

If future Congresses should prove as impotent as the last few, *any small group of organized fanatics* could shape the educational standards of the country. And the great danger is that the stronghold of these fanatics lies in the non-industrial parts of the country. Working together they can control Congress and fix the educational standard and mould the minds of the youth of the nation.

CONGRESS must be made to feel that the country does not want what the Sterling-Towner bill provides. Here are set down in succinct form some objections to the bill based on the interests you have in common with all Americans. As to your children's interests—you are left to infer how far-reaching the pernicious influence of such an enactment may be upon Christian education.—THE EDITORS.

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Subject education to the bickerings and tradings and manipulations of Congress, and you open wide the way whereby not only the high educational standard of the individual nothern States can be lowered, but that of the whole country.

The Sterling-Towner Bill will *politicalize the schools*. Appointments and regulations made by the Secretary of Education, himself a political appointee, will be with an eye to political expediency rather than as a benefit to education. It is a great many moons since a scheme has been proposed which opens such a rich harvest for the politician, grafter and theorist. As a beginning, \$100,000,000 is appropriated, *80% of which will go for administration and salaries*. Every state, county and municipality will have its Federal Supervisors, appointed by the politicians through the political head of the Department, to see that the Federal rules are complied with.

The States, not to be outdone by the Federal authorities, will, of course, have their horde of supervisors chosen from among the faithful supporters of the party in power. In a few years we might even have more supervisors than teachers. Indeed there may be times when, through lack of appropriations, we would have supervisors, but no teachers.

FEDERALIZED education will destroy all civic and local pride, local self-interest we will call it, something which every community more or less displays in its schools. The Sterling-Towner Bill *destroys all initiative* on the part of the people to correct or improve the school system because it takes the control of the government of the schools out of their hands and gives it over to a bureaucratic autocrat in Washington, who is neither responsible to the sovereignty of the States nor to the will of the parents therein. The *further government is removed* from the people the less it responds to their views and the opportunity for small organized minorities to control it becomes greater.

Remember this, what the Federal Government *subsidizes* the Federal Government *controls*. Make no mistake about that. Education under Federal control will cause dissatisfaction among the people just as the other undertakings of the government do. What one section of the country will approve another will disapprove, but the States will be absolutely powerless to enforce their views as the Federal power will be supreme. The effects of

contentions and bickerings in educational matters often experienced by States and municipalities, under the Sterling-Towner Bill will be extended to the whole country with disastrous results to education.

OUR Fathers in framing the Constitution, indeed, planned well when they left the control of education with the States and the parents. In their wisdom the Fathers were far-seeing, very much more so than the Sterling-Townerites of today. Well versed in history and the system of governments, the framers of the Constitution knew the great danger of centralization of power and paternalism in government. They studied its result in Rome and Athens. They had seen the effects of too much governmental control in many parts of modern Europe. An oligarchical power, controlling the educational system of the country and shaping the opinion of its youth, was abhorrent to the Fathers. They wished to see maintained in educational matters the same spirit of independence and self-dependency,—the right to shape their own destinies—which the States had so successfully contended for in the Constitutional Convention.

That they did not err is evidenced by the splendid type of men produced by the system of education maintained in the States prior to the early forties when they then began to depart from the old system known to the Fathers, a system which gave a moral training; a system which developed character; a system which created the spirit of self-sacrifice and service, a system which cultivated culture and produced leadership.

COMPETENT critics of our educational system deplore the commercial spirit which it creates.

The "blight of commercialism" permeates the classroom. The spirit of self-sacrifice and service is not fostered. The distaste for hard work and the effort to get something for nothing are prevalent everywhere. The Sterling-Towner Bill instead of correcting this spirit fosters it.

Far-seeing statesmen are sounding a warning against the spirit of commercialism and paternalism now pervading the body politic. Vice President Coolidge in a recent address uttered these words of wisdom:

"Unless Americans shall continue to live in something more than the present, to

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be moved by something more than material gains, they will not be able to respond to the requirements of great sacrifices, and they will go down as other people have gone down before some nation possessed of a greater moral force."

No! It is not Federal appropriations we want for education, nor an increase in the now too numerous supervisory officials and research workers which will come with the Sterling-Towner Bill, but a return to old fashioned principles, to old fashioned American ideals and simplicity which fashioned strong-minded men.

Away then with this centralization of power and paternalism which would care for our moral and mental requirements by placing a policeman and a school teacher in the home. Away with this oligarch whom the Sterling-Townerites would place over education and who would Prussianize the minds of our youth. Away, I say, with these faddists and theorists whose innovations have wrought such havoc with our school system.

If America is to endure as a free country it will not be through the theories advanced by the Sterling-Townerites or their large appropriations for education. If America is to remain the America the Fathers founded she must soon return to the old fashioned curriculum which fostered the spirit of self-dependency, of self-sacrifice, of service—a system which paid attention to both the moral and mental development of the child; a system which developed a capacity for leadership; a system which developed men of sterling character and independence; men who did not shirk responsibility; men whose yard-stick was not money; men who did not run to the Federal Government for legislation to correct every ill that affected society.

Such were the qualities that the builders of the nation possessed, such are the qualities that our schools must produce in future Americans, else, as Vice President Coolidge says: "We will go down as other people have gone down before some nation possessed of a greater moral force."

Little Pitchers Have Big Ears

THE Church presumes that at the age of seven the child distinguishes between good and evil—its conscience begins to function.

Accordingly provision is made at that age for training the child in the exercise of free-will. At that age also it is bound by all the regulations of the Church.

All who have opportunity of observing the child at close range will agree that the Church has accurately timed the development of the child mind. Many a humorous incident proves this.

Tommy—"Ma, you said that I shouldn't eat that piece of cake in the pantry, that it would make me sick."

Mother—"Yes, Tommy."

Tommy—"But, Ma, it didn't make me sick."

Philip who had gone on an outing trip with the choir boys in a brand new suit, returned with the entire seat of his trousers gone. His mother greeted him: "Oh, Philip, you didn't walk up from the rectory with your trousers like that!" The lad answers: "It's alright, Ma, no one saw me; I walked backwards."

As soon as children begin to indicate that their reason is in operation parents should concern them-

selves with the motives and principles upon which they would have their children act. Not only this, but parents should keep a sharp eye on their own behavior in the presence of their children.

PARENTS have no keener critics nor sharper judges than these very children. To children everything is real, and their minds are intensely curious, and they are quick to draw conclusions. They have implicit confidence in their parents and instinctively look to them for information and example. New words are picked up by minds ever on the alert and turned over and over in the attempt to get at their true meaning. Not only do these children sit in judgment upon their parents when the parents give way to violent outbursts but also upon the private chats of their elders, and they boldly act upon what they have overheard. Great reverence is due children, as the pagan proverb says. Parents, take no chances with your children: never forget their listening ears and guileless souls. Do not shock the tender conscience of one in whom God has implanted a natural esteem for you.

"And all the better life that I would lead,
Writ small in this, one childish face, I read."

Over the Hills by Auto Stage

MARY HANLEY

"READSBORO, Vermont?"

"You can go by train if you want to, but the best way is to go by the auto-stage. The scenery is wonderful all along the line."

So of course we go by the stage.

Whether the one thing or the other should be done, we are in the same necessity of arising before the daylight and driving down to the town three miles away at the foot of the mountain, to make connections for the next lap of the journey. This, too, however is a part of the joys of the road. There is something eerie and mysterious about stealing from a dusky room to look out upon a world that is not yet fully awake and which seems to be still dreaming its own dreams.

You come softly down the old wooden stairs, into the shadowy kitchen, and already the house mother is busy there in the twilight. Unconsciously you think back upon the line of the poet describing the woman of long ago who "rekindles in the gray dawn the fires which she had covered overnight." You take a look from the window, and outside the stable barn the son too is silently active "hitching up" to go to town, but the hush and the stillness are as holy things not to be broken lightly.

Then we go out ourselves and see how the opalescent day is beginning. The great amphitheatre of the hills is against a sky of flushing rose; the dew lies thick upon the grass; all around about is one immense symphony of widening hope, and promise and joy. As we drive down the steep, winding road, only the sharp hoof-rhythm of the pony punctuates the earth's solemn matins of praise.

The auto-stage leaves from the hotel door at 7 A. M. But at six forty the hotel lobby is still deserted: a drowsy page, a window washer, the night clerk alone represents its activities. Two exceedingly upright ladies, of the New England spinster type, wait in stiff expectancy upon the hall settee for the arrival of the stage. They, as yet, are our only fellow travellers; but as the moments flit, other travellers, men chiefly, gather upon the sidewalk outside the entrance, farmers, commercial agents, and two, evidently on pleasure bent, with fishing rods and baskets.

Punctually at seven, the stage appears; a for-

midable vehicle, roofed over and painted grey like an inland battleship. On each of the four cross-seats it will accommodate four—sixteen in all; not to mention two seats beside the driver which seem to us the most desirable. With extreme politeness we enquire if these have been retained, and, as they have not, we immediately proceed to swing up our suit-cases and take possession of them ourselves. This brings us into personal relation with Robbie. Robbie is the stage driver, and no sooner do you come in contact with him than you recognize a personality.

Perhaps it would be hard to define just what a personality is, especially in the case of a rather quiet person, like Robbie, but he is known throughout the length and breadth of his section of the country. To look at him, you would say he was a college student, a slender youth, slightly stoop-shouldered, with a smooth face and large eye-glasses. But he pleads guilty to twenty-six years of age and nine years of driving. What is notable about his expression is the glance of his clear light-green eyes, he is always looking for something to do for the passengers, besides merely driving them to their destination; he is interested, he wishes to render service. And this air of attention is modified by his smile: a wide smile, and shrewd at the same time. He gets a lot of amusement out of the people to whom he is always generously doing good turns.

While the passengers are embarking, Robbie supervises the operation and renders assistance.—"Are you all right, sir?... Your satchel, I think. There's more room in front, ma'am, if you don't mind changing. Come on up here, little girl; now that's better"...and so forth until they are all settled. Then he mounts his box and away we go. It is only a morning's ride from a point in Massachusetts to another given point in Vermont, but the road winds by hill and dale, through the most superb country, with scenery that holds you spell-bound, mile after mile, and you receive as many and as varied impressions of travel as if you were under way for a week.

JUST before we leave the town, toward the outskirts, the car comes to a halt and Robbie drops lightly from his perch. Very quickly

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he lifts a large sack, dripping water and saw-dust and throws it into the back of the stage; then on again at high speed. Our curiosity is aroused. Robbie's slow smile makes answer. "It's for some of them folks summering at Locust Farms. They don't get no ice out there, so I carry it for them three times a week." Imagine the value in a community of a stage driver who will render such services as this! On the mountain it had been impossible, even in extreme cases, to get ice for either love or money.

We have been running smoothly for a couple of miles when we come to a little house, buried in its own luxuriant garden, at the gate of which a lady stands, evidently waiting, and making a signal-flag out of her parasol. The stage stops exactly in front of her.—"Mornin' Mis' Lowther"... but this time the driver sticks to his wheel, only observing over his shoulder until the new passenger is settled. She immediately finds an acquaintance, to whom she conveys, (as well as to the gallery at large), that she is going "Up to Grandma Williams to visit." A necessary explanation, perhaps, in a farming country, where a silk dress and bronze slippers at seven thirty A. M. might excite suspicion!

BEFORE us now the road lies open and inviting, between green fields and acres of cultivated land, with the hills bounding the horizon on one side, and on the other neat farm-buildings or country houses painted white, with green shutters, standing in the midst of old-fashioned gardens. Robbie evidently feels that the time is propitious for an increase of speed, for he sits gathered up over his steering-gear and the car flies, there is no other word for it, so that the very landscape is blurred before our eyes.

In the body of the vehicle is a pleasant murmur of conversation, somewhat drowned by the whirr of the machine, but many of the passengers are known to one another, and all meet and exchange remarks in a happy, easy spirit, bred no doubt by the common interest in travel and the joy of the cool, lovely morning. By scraps we gather that famous story, repeated once more by the wag of the occasion, of that house which is half in Massachusetts and half in Vermont, so that the children born in it are never quite sure which is their native state.—"And every time it comes to voting at elections, there's a shindy in the house!" It was pointed out to us, a long building of red brick, with modern additions that are

stuccoed, as though the residents had decided to whitewash the portion that is Vermont!

A little after eight o'clock, we come to the first village, clusters of dwellings shaded by fine elm-trees and boasting one store where jam-pots, whips, and canned vegetables meet amicably in the window, and a sign proclaims that this is the Post Office of Willamote. A man in shirt sleeves, pipe in mouth, is waiting upon the steps.—"Say, Robbie, was you going to take a parcel for me over to my sister's in Jerryville?" Robbie's good-natured grin responds: "Sure I was." "I could send it by mail but it would take five days and it's something she needs right away."—"That's all right, Mr. Pomfret." A voice in the back of the stage sings out. "And him the postmaster of Willamote!"

But this cannot shake Mr. Pomfret's be-slippered, coatless, pipe-in-mouth dignity. He goes back into the store for the parcel and as Robbie bends to start the machine again, lifts a detaining hand—"Hold on now, boy, hold on! There's a man inside getting ready to go with you!"—"Tell him to hurry, please; I'm late now." The car keeps chug-chugging impatiently, the passengers are getting restless, and still no traveller appears. "Ho, Mr. Pomfret," calls one, "bring out your man, we can't wait here all day." "Some of us is going fishing," this brings laughter. "Ay, and the missus needs the catch before the Friday of next week."

A travelling salesman, bag in hand dashes forth at last, and jumps upon the running board. "All right, Cap, let her go"... but as we start a woman comes running from the house. "Mr. Joe, Mr. Joe, your umbrella"... It is too late. Robbie does not hear and we are tearing along the high road in the effort to retrieve lost time. It is as if the car were lifted by some unseen power and not touching the ground in the swift and powerful momentum of its advance. Speed laws must be suffering, but the sensation of being almost on the wing is delightful.

AND now, gradually, there is a change in the scenery. The highway grows more narrow, plunging between banks, or skirting groves of evergreens; the whole country looks broken and hilly, only patches of ground here and there are planted, and magnificent trees, the sentinels of mountain areas: fir, pine, spruce and hemlock, tower singly or in groups. As we pass, the incense-like sweetness of balsam-firs is wafted to us. The

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character of the places of habitation changes too; no more trim farms, no more white country houses, but shanties of unpainted wood, and pathetic, weather-stained shacks, drooping forlornly to the side upon which they settle. Yet there is something wild and inspiring about the view that stirs and charms you.

From just such a rude cabin as these Lincoln once stepped, and what great peace and silence must be in them, beneath the pines! From their high places—they always seem to be set high—what vast horizons they must command! For us, guessing at the stories they represent, we fly past them and are nothing to them. The breeze of incipient autumn is in our faces, and the gold of the perfect day shines upon scenes that are so fair already.

Presently we come once more to an oasis of culture, stock-breeding and summer visitors. "Locust Farms," is answered to our enquiries, and Robbie hops lightly down, digs out his sack of ice and drops it upon the grass below the porch, then quickly resumes his seat. The shutters are still closed, and bottles of milk stand full beside the entrance. In the silence of the pause, an elderly feminine voice is lifted dolorously behind us. "Well, now, did you ever! Half past eight and sleeping! Some folks is so lazy that if"... the rest of it is drowned in the long groan of the starting engine. Whirr! Bang! And we are off.

For a little while we are in the farming region again, the road smooth and the land undulous without sharp accidents. Quiet, laborious forms of men and women are bending over their several tasks in the fields. We flash past a group of young men working upon the telegraph wires, and note how the stalwart, sun-bronzed figures still wear army breeches and leggins, and one strongly-moulded

face, superb as sculpture under the army hat, turns to gaze as we pass. Shouts of greeting are exchanged, and one of us at least thanks heaven that these lads should be back at their peaceful occupations in the good New England back-country, far from the devastations of war.

ONCE more, on the outskirts of a village, we perceive an aged man standing in the road and holding up his hand. Robbie seems accustomed to signs and watches for them. We draw up, and two young ladies, evidently summer boarders, are taking leave of a kindly white haired woman of many years. "Good-bye, good-bye, we have had a lovely time and will surely come again."

Innumerable boxes, bags, flowers and apples are stowed all over the car, more farewells spoken and we drive on, leaving those two ancient people standing in the sun. They seem, somehow struck and desolate, with their old, old heads, their withered hands, their stooping forms. And the old man, under his thick white hair is making a brave attempt to smile, with some pain, as of a sorrow of long ago, piercing the cheerfulness. Have they no children of their own? Where are their children? The girls are talking of railroad tickets and trains to town, the stage leaps forward on

its way to Vermont, but those two pitiful figures at the gate, in the sunshine, so old, so feeble, hurt the memory like remorse.

We stop in the centre of the village, before the rustic hotel, and here a good number of passengers alight. It is a local nucleus of some importance. While his passengers collect their baggage, Robbie from the box superintends their operations and does not observe a small barefoot boy who comes and stands at the curb waving a letter silently above his head. At last the wag takes notice. "Hey,

The Rainbow

PLACIDUS M. ENDLER

The summer wind through Nazareth—

O it was sly!—

Paused for a moment as it passed

A Baby by;

And from the ruddy ruby bow—

It did espy—

Of Baby's lips where sorted sweets

In rows did lie,

Most stealthily it stole a kiss.

Then up on high

It hung this candy-colored kiss,

Still wet, to dry.

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Robbie, somebody's sendin' you a love-letter!"—"Ah, shaw, it's only an order for the grocer."—"He wants a pound of macaroni for his girl." The boy continues imperturbably to wave his missive as high above his tousled head as his little brown hand will let him reach. A woman's imperious voice recalls the long-suffering chauffeur to his duty. "Robbie, Robbie! Will you turn round! Here's a child trying five minutes to deliver a letter to you." Robbie turns with philosophical calmness. "Hello, George! Does mother want me to take that for her?" The head nods a little, but the lips are closed. The soiled envelope passes into Robbie's deep pocket, and away we go again.

Now, there seems to be a change of temperature, falling to cooler. Perhaps it is only imaginary, or perhaps in reality as we are almost continually running through the deep shade of thickets, the atmosphere registers the change. To our left, between gaps in the branches we detect a white flashing and gleaming of foam; at one point, breaking through foliage and underbrush, are two lads with clean eager, roseate faces, lifted smilingly as the stage passes; their outing shirts and long rubber wading boots show clearly in what sport they are engaged.

Almost immediately after this, we come to the most spectacular portion of the trip. The road, of an earthy tan color, becomes quite narrow and begins to take short, irregular turns which wind in serpentine fashion. The stage is obliged to lower speed, and fast—faster than we go—the trout-stream which has become a torrent, tears along beside us at the edge of the road. It is a magnificent sight: here it dashes impetuously forward picking its way between massy rocks, there the rocks stand strewn in opposition, and the headlong waters hurl onward over them, in waves, in snowy fringes, in eddies, and on again with unimpeded rush. In recesses, the deep green pools that the current does not seem to touch, are formed; and everywhere the long ferns leaning over, the jewel-weed and nameless, beautiful, frail sprays of foliage, are sprinkled and hang trembling over the brawling, roaring thunder of the water-course. Now a bit of forest cuts us off from the stream, and we are again in deep shadow, with high earth banks on either side of us, dark, cool places full of the scent of loam and of moss and fungi, as in the sequestered, rich spots that human foot scarce ever treads.

The company has grown silent, and the fact is

certainly psychological. We are in no danger, but nature here is primeval, untouched, almost awesome in its splendor. We emerge once more into the sunlight, and the stream now acts like a sportive child: it runs deliberately across our track, forms a deep loop, and on again, racing as before, but this time at our right hand. The stage slowly makes the awkward turn, crosses the short bridge where for a moment we are above the battling, pelting, boulder-strewn water on both sides of us, and runs on again, smoothly, by a better road. There had been moments when we prayed that no other vehicle should be coming from the opposite direction.

ROBBIE looks at his watch, for he prides himself upon punctuality, whatever may be the delays and accidental stops of the way. Toward ten o'clock we enter on the main village street with its clean little houses, and flowers in the window boxes; happy women look out from neat, old-fashioned doorways, and rosy children come running to greet friends among the travellers. We catch a glimpse in passing of the unusual picturesqueness of the situation. Hills are all about us, and the white cottages climb and lodge themselves in all the nooks, so that every green space is studded with them.

The town is parted by the broad, stony bed of a river, with water that only threads it in summer, but a long, oscillating iron bridge unites the two sections. Just below the bridge, the torrent—which has followed us—hurls itself impetuously into the shallow, slow course of the river and together they pour away through the lower portion of the village, past gardens and mills, and especially past the little church on the slope with its slender spire and the gold Cross uplifted to the West.

Robbie comes to a halt before the principal store of the town; and now he alights briskly and his wide, good-natured smile rejoices with the travellers that he has been able to bring them safely to their destination. He renders assistance generously with suitcases, bags and baskets. More than one passenger pauses to shake hands with him, showing the peculiarly personal relationship that has been established between them and calls as they part. "I'm going back with you, Robbie, when I go!" This is our own word to the lad. And he answers back pleasantly: "Glad to have you! Just let me know anytime. Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, until the snow shuts us off."

What Do You Know About:

The Church's Attitude Towards Divorce?

IT can hardly be denied that the closest of all unions is to be found in the holy bond of matrimony. For the sake of entering into such a union, men and women will break every other tie, no matter how close or how sacred, even the tie that binds the child to the parent. The union of husband and wife is the closest and most unifying that it is possible to conceive, for they become two in one flesh. Nay, more; as our Blessed Lord said, they are "no longer two but one flesh."

The inclination to enter such a union is deeply seated in human nature since it was placed there in the beginning by the Creator, and in spite of the difficulties and hardships attendant on married life, the impulse to enter that state persists. Divorce is, then, by its nature opposed to the well-being of the individual and of society, it did not enter into the designs of God, it was condemned by Our Lord and has found no place among the nations that have the true Christian Faith.

When holy matrimony was blessed by God in the earthly paradise of Eden He stamped upon it the character of indissolubility and willed it to be a life-long union between one man and one woman.

When our Divine Savior restored marriage to its original purity, He gave it a new creation of grace, by elevating it to the dignity of a Sacrament of the Catholic Church and stamped upon it the character of indissolubility making Christian marriage a sign and symbol of the union which exists between Himself and His spotless Spouse, the Church.

1. We should distinguish two kinds of separation between husband and wife.

A. Absolute divorce which implies the dissolution of the marriage *Bond* carrying with it the right to contract a new marriage.

B. A mere *separation* of the parties, implying a permission to live apart from each other, but leaving the marriage bond intact, and giving no permission to contract a new marriage.

2. Absolute divorce is *forbidden* by the law of God in the case of a Christian marriage, at least after its consummation. Such a marriage can not be dissolved by any power on earth. Neither Church nor State has the power to break the marriage *Bond*.

3. This is the *law of God*. Our Lord said: "Therefore now they are not two but one flesh. What *GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER.*" Math. 19, 6. "Who-soever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." Luke 16/18. "Everyone that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery and he that marrieth her that is put away committeth adultery." Mark X. 11, 12.

4. This is the *teaching of the Apostles*. St. Paul said—"A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband die she is at liberty; let her marry whom she will." 1 Cor. VII. "For the woman that hath a husband, whilst her husband liveth is bound to the law. But if her husband is dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. Therefore whilst her husband liveth, she shall be called an adulteress, if she be with another man; but if her husband be dead, she is delivered from the law of her husband, so that she is not an adulteress if she be with another man." Rom. VII. 2, 3.

5. This was the law of the whole Christian world for fifteen centuries, and it is still in force throughout the Catholic Church and is sanctioned by nations and states of the old and the new world.

6. *Christ abrogated* the Jewish law of divorce, and thereby prohibited its use among Christians. The Pharisees asked our Lord "Why then did Moses command to give a bill of divorce and to put away? He saith to them; Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, permitted you to put away your wives *BUT FROM THE BEGINNING IT WAS NOT SO.* And I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery, and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery." Matthew 19.

7. The principal *causes* for permitting a "*separation from bed and board*" are (a) Adultery (b) Danger to one's salvation (c) Cruelty (d) Lapse of one party into infidelity. From this it is seen that the Church is not tyrannical, for while she can not

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break the bond of marriage, she does allow married persons to live apart for grave reasons.

8. They sin grievously who have recourse to the *civil courts* to obtain an absolute divorce when their marriage is valid. But Catholics may apply to the secular courts for a merely civil divorce, *not as though they recognized* any power on the part of the State to dissolve a marriage validly contracted by them but *merely for the purpose of protecting themselves* against unjust vexations and legal penalties.

9. Any Catholic *attempting* to marry again after having obtained a civil divorce falls under the *censure* of the Church.

10. Divorce is contrary not only to the law of Christ but also to the law of Nature. This is easily seen in the terrible effects that flow from divorce, which Leo XIII summarizes; "Truly it is hardly possible to describe how great are the evils that flow from divorce. Matrimonial contracts are by it made variable, mutual kindness is weakened, deplorable inducements to unfaithfulness are supplied, harm is done to the education and training of children, occasion is afforded for the breaking up of homes; the seeds of dissension are sown among families, the dignity of woman is lessened and brought low, and women run the risk of being deserted after having ministered to the pleasures of men. Since, then, nothing has such power to lay waste families and destroy the mainstay of kingdoms as the corruption of morals, it is easily seen that divorces are in the highest degree hostile to the prosperity of families and States, springing as they do from the depraved morals of the people, and as experience shows us, opening out a way to every kind of evil-doing in public and private life... So soon as the road to divorce began to be made smooth by law, at once quarrels, jealousies, and judicial separations largely increased and such shamelessness of life followed that men who had previously been in favor of these divorces repented of what they had done, and feared that, if they did not seek a remedy by repealing the law, the State itself might come to ruin."

11. All this has been verified in the history of the world since the time of the Protestant revolt against the authority of the Vicar of Christ. Divorce led Henry VIII, King of England, to adultery, sacrilege, the plunder of his realm and the brutal murder of his wives. Divorce has brought upon our own generation the curse of race-suicide, thereby robbing the State of future useful citizens, depriving

the Church of many saints and apostolic souls, and preventing the birth of countless creatures who should have been born "to know, love and serve God in this life and be happy with Him in the never-ending ages of eternity." It is the strict duty of Catholics who are united in the holy bonds of marriage, and who are face to face with difficulties in the home, to flee from all thought of separation or of a divorce even as they would "flee from the face of a serpent."

12. *Not divorce* but the *grace of God* and a lively faith in the promises of the Gospel are the means to bear the difficulties of domestic life. The home may, indeed, be for some a veritable Garden of Agony, with a Bleeding Heart and a Thorn-crowned head, but if suffered in union with the Man of Sorrows and the Queen of Martyrs, it will infallibly lead to the beatific vision of God. The Cross may be found in the home but it leads to the Crown; divorce is but the highroad to HELL.

UNDER date of September 8, the *Topeka Capital* says: That divorce courts are filling the state reformatories to overflowing with boys whose tendency to commit crime is directly traceable to the separation of their parents, is shown conclusively by the record of boys applying for paroles at the next session of the parole board to be held Tuesday, at Hutchinson.

Seventy-six boys have applied for paroles. Records following the case of each boy from childhood to young manhood have been placed before the board.

Thirty-three of the fifty boys whose records are analyzed have no home in which their own father and mother together can help the boy to better manhood. In thirty-three cases, the parents have separated. In twenty-one of the thirty-three cases, the separation occurred in the formative period of the boy's development and the parents subsequently married again.

In eighteen of the twenty-one cases in which parents separated and remarried, one or both parents later divorced and married again and again: in two cases as many as four times.

In twelve of the thirty-three cases where parents separated they did not both remarry; in five neither of the parents later married, but in these cases the boys were shuffled back and forth from the custody of one parent to the other until they were bereft of any home influences and of the proper guidance of either parent.

Current Fact and Comment

WHERE BIGOTRY SPAWNS

WE can all take comfort in the fact that in the Catholic body we have no counterpart of the infamous Tom Watson, fanatic, hedger and liar. How often do you hear of Protestants being forced to organize and protest against gross misrepresentation and open persecution by Catholics?

Never! Truth, to which Tom and his brood are strangers, begets a sense of security and contentment, and a consequent willingness to let the other fellow go his way. The bigot with a bad temper can never see straight. If he did he would see that hatred is a poor weapon always defeating its own purpose.

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

THE twentieth amendment to the Constitution is on the way and should meet with general approval. It empowers the President to veto separate items in an appropriation bill. Measures that never should or could have been approved on their own merits have shared, as riders, the approval

of commendable and necessary measures. We can all breathe more freely when we are assured that no legislation prejudicial to our lawful interests will have a chance merely because it puts the President in the embarrassing position of approving all items or none.

CAUSE OF THE CRIME WAVE

JUST as soon as bonding and surety companies assumed risks against losses from criminal causes we began to be supplied with accurate data regarding the cause of crime. The president of the largest of the largest of these companies gives eleven reasons for the present crime wave. Of these he ranks disrespect for law as the greatest. Thousands who formerly unquestionably obeyed the law

with instinctive loyalty and reverence now utterly condemn all law. This charge has been largely brought about through disgust for the open trickery which has been used to put over and enforce the un-American Volstead Act. Common-sense men know that the multiplication of laws is dangerous and the making of odious and unnecessary laws is certain to engender contempt for all law.

"SPIRIT OF HEALTH OR GOBLIN DAMN'D!"

TWO of our biggest metropolitan dailies have been featuring an expose of the devious ways and stupid antics of The Invisible Empire, popularly known as the Ku Klux Klan. This expose has been devoured by a ravenous public with more interest and amusement than the Comic Supplement. On reading it we are lead to make some observations.

First: The Ku Klux Klan (Imperial Palace and Home Office, Atlanta, Georgia) is nothing if not American. It rests solidly on the great American principle of a square deal and equal rights for all. Wherefore, it very logically and conscientiously proceeds to persecute every Catholic, Jew, Black, and Foreigner in these United States.

Second: With this noble purpose it has rapidly developed from a handful of charter members to an organization verging on the million. Verily "the number of fools is infinite."

Third: Its financial success has been proportionate to its membership. For the small sum of

\$16.80 the members are allowed to buy the required outfit, to wit, one hooded night-gown of purest "Georgette" cotton. "The fool and his money are soon parted."

Fourth: Implicit faith have these super-Americans in the common brotherhood of man. No crested head must appear above the dead line of social equality. Hence we have the nicely graduated scale of Imperial Wizard, Supreme Kleagle, Grand Goblin, and lesser Goblins.

Fifth: Wizard, Kleagle, Goblins stand by "Open covenants openly arrived at." Therefore they lure their awe-struck dupes into the blackness of the night and then with hideous rites initiate them into the innermost secrets of—bigotry and fanaticism.

Pity the poor Catholic Church! She has weathered the persecutions of nineteen centuries, but, alas, her day has come! The Invisible Empire with one fell swoop will efface the Kingdom of God! The Gates of Hell are now to triumph!

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CATHOLIC WOMEN AND THE VOTE

THE question of women suffrage is no longer a debatable issue. The right of the American woman to vote has been written into the Constitution and is now the Nineteenth Amendment. Whatever may have been the attitude of our Catholic women on this point prior to their enfranchisement, there can be no doubt as to their duty to-day at the ballot box. The first part of this duty is to inform themselves about measures to be voted upon, the next part is to go to the ballot box, and the third part is to vote for the right measure.

Many of our Catholic men have been derelict

in their civic obligation either by not voting at all or by not voting conscientiously. If our Catholic women are to follow the example of these, their right to vote will be a blow to the interests of both Church and State. We can be assured that, as a rule, the women who will be most ready to insist upon their right to vote will be the very ones who are least worthy to vote. We need the consistent vote of good women to off-set the strength of the others. Our Catholic women should remember that their vote is not intended to drag religion into politics but to keep irreligion out.

THE NATION'S DEBT OF HONOR

STARTLING figures are presented in the effort to reconcile the soldiers to the withholding of the bonus. The Government asks that it be allowed to attend first to the rehabilitation of the disabled. There was testimony that 400 ex-service men had committed suicide in New York State, and that 1725 had applied for mental treatment in New York City alone. Admittedly the Government has failed to provide for many who are entitled to relief on the strongest titles of justice

and gratitude. Simultaneously hospitals in Pennsylvania are beginning to announce that charitable service must be curtailed in the face of deficits due to the withdrawal of State aid. Surely those who on a sectarian plea clamored for that withdrawal, never came in contact with the damage done by war to the minds and bodies of men. How shameless and heartless the bigotry that could so inopportunistically insist upon what must notably reduce the soldiers' chances for relief and healing!

IRELAND'S SOVEREIGNTY PREPOSTEROUS?

THERE is immortal literature in the representations and replies of President De Valera to the British Premier. Of all the statesmen who have had to plea for a people's dearest interest none has employed greater courage, candor, force and logic. There is no suspicion of subtlety or evasion as Ireland's President pleads for her especially as a free and sovereign race and nation.

It must be admitted that a great many fair-minded people look upon the Irish claim for independence as preposterous. They congratulated other races when these were relieved of the rule and oppression of the Central and Eastern powers. America fought for an ideal and here it was realized. Little was known of the complicated political relations or of the economic and historic grounds of the claims for freedom, there was only applause when the Supreme Council severed the political ties and set those peoples back within their historic confines. But the "fair-minded people" were more conversant with Anglo-Hibernian relations—at least so familiar with them as to be convinced that what

might be called ancient prescription should not be disturbed.

Those other races have had two years experience of independence. In few cases has their vision of material happiness and prosperity been realized. They are finding it exceedingly difficult to adjust themselves to strictly state conditions. There is little promise of relief. Either they are an agricultural people without the resources of industry or an industrial people without the necessary resources of agriculture. It is a hard choice: national pride with freedom as against national unity with ease and comfort.

All this brings into sharp relief the distinctive reasonableness of Ireland's claim for independence both as a race and a nation. And a little patient reflection will help the "fair-minded people" to appreciate the disappointment of Irishmen over what they hold to be the utter delinquency of the Supreme Council.

Ireland is ready with every material resource to live her own life and to prosper.

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DANTE—A WITNESS TO LIGHT

ON September 14, 1321, there died in the city of Ravenna, Italy, Dante Alighieri. He is the greatest amongst the religious poets and one of the three transcendent poets of all time. He is pre-eminently a Catholic poet. The work upon which his reputation chiefly rests—a work which is, perhaps, the noblest single accomplishment of Christian Europe, and the one most likely destined to outlive all others—is concerned with an elaborate, detailed treatment of the three great unchanging truths, Heaven, Hell and Purgatory.

The out-standing feature of the sixth centenary of his death is the absolute unanimity with which the educated world, Catholic, Protestant and Unbelieving, unite in acknowledging the sublime genius of this immortal embodiment of the culture, the aspiration and the faith of the Middle Ages.

Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV himself has honored the work and memory of Dante in a

manner unparalleled by publishing an encyclical letter to the Christian world in which he pays tribute to the living influence of this remarkable exponent of Catholicism. The Pope insists that Dante is our own, that he has received his inspiration from the dogmas of the Church, and is the conclusive proof that submission to the teachings of the Church does not clip the wings of genius.

There has been deliberately foisted on the Protestant public the unfounded persuasion that the historical period known as the Middle Ages was a period devoid of anything like intellectual development, culture and refinement. Thinking persons should know that the century which produced a Dante could not be called 'dark', and Shakespeare no more attests the intellectual glories of his day than Dante, three hundred years earlier, proclaims the high civilization of the Thirteenth Century—the heyday of the Ages of Faith.

SUCCESS AT A COST

OCCASIONALLY, Catholics are shocked by disclosures involving the honor of Catholic professional men. In notorious cases recently before the courts of Massachusetts, certain Catholic lawyers laid themselves open to just criticism for having consented to accept what were obviously seamy cases. Success was dependent, not upon legal ability, but upon agility in manipulating the subtleties of the law. It seems also that these lawyers extorted large sums of money from clients whom they intimidated with the thinly veiled threat of exposure.

These occurrences furnish another proof that a truer standard of morality and higher ideals are needed among some Catholic professional men. Catholics, in certain cities, have little reason to be proud of their representatives in public life. Gifted with versatile talents, many have proven sad disappointments; given a trust, they have betrayed it. Strange it is, but true, that the public looks for purer service from the Catholic than from the non-Catholic man of affairs.

Catholic men and women in the professions brush shoulders with adherents of many creeds. Thrown into such surroundings, they more than ever need the sustaining influence of their Catholic faith, for the literature in vogue and the views expressed are generally hostile to the Church. The desire to

appear broad-minded prompts many such Catholics to sacrifice truth to falsehood. To curry favor with unscrupulous associates, they spinelessly consent to things that become barbs in conscience, and that bring both themselves and their religion into ill-repute.

Even such as have been educated in Catholic schools and colleges do not blush to throw overboard the principles of morality therein learned, and to accept a more convenient standard of professional practice. If asked for the reason why they have thus discarded their first ideals, they will tell you that they found them impractical. Success did not come to them at once, and money did not find its way to them. So, perforce, they adopted new ways of thinking and of living. Once they served Christ; now they serve Caesar. The front door has been thrown wide open to Mammon, but, alas, peace has fled the house.

When will these men and women come to realize the imperative need of standing by the solid principles they have been taught?—the interests of God, first, last and always. The life of the late Chief Justice White is a rebuke to the cowardly and a potent witness to the fact that even for advancement and universal recognition in a profession no Catholic need compromise the teachings of his Church.

By the Hill of Slane

EILEEN AYSCOUGH

LIGHT! Light! Light!"

The woman rose rather wearily from her bed and flung an armful of wood on the smouldering fire which blazed up again showing the interior of a bare room. The covering of the bed on which the child who had called lay was soft and warm, as was also the long dark cloak his mother wore fastened at the neck with a gold brooch.

The child, apparently satisfied by her action, turned on his side and in a moment was slumbering peacefully.

Clothra however did not return to her bed at once, but going to the door flung it open and looked out into the night. It was early Spring, and, though within all became dark as the fire died down, out-of-doors there was still light enough for her to see the dim shapes of the trees near at hand, and a little way off the sloping outline of the Hill of Slane almost at the foot of which her home lay. Her attitude showed that she was expecting someone, but whoever it was did not appear, and presently she went in again and sat down beside the child. She was drowsy but she did not lie down at once for she did not want to go to sleep until she was quite sure that the child's slumber was sound.

As she watched beside him her dark gray eyes over which the heavy lids drooped filled with tears, and she muttered: "Surely it is as though he were bewitched."

It seemed indeed as if there was some truth in her words so great was the change in the child who but a short season back had been strong and brave and handsome, and so healthy that he slept from sunset to sunrise without waking.

Earc had gone one day with his father to seek for some strayed cattle in the tombs of the Kings at New Grange which were at no great distance from Slane. He was curious to see this place and finding an opening he ventured inside, but when, startled by the eerie darkness, he turned almost at once to come out again, he found the opening closed behind him. His father had in his service a man whom on one occasion he had punished with over-severity for some offence, and this man either by

way of a rough joke or in revenge for his punishment had followed the boy and shut him in.

Earc was traced and rescued, but not until some hours had elapsed. It was only after some days had passed that it was discovered that though he had sustained no bodily injury he was yet sorely altered. He was become strangely timorous, and especially a dread of darkness had come upon him so that if he awoke in the night, as he often did now, he would cry out with terror; also his bodily health waned by degrees until at last he grew so weak that he lay all day on his bed almost without moving.

CLOTHRA was a heavy sleeper, and the dawn had already broken when she once more came to the door of the hut and looked southwards. When a tall figure wrapped in a cloak which reached nearly to his tight-fitting trews stepped out from the shadow of the ash wood she drew a long sigh of relief; this was partly due to the fact that it was Nial, not Cormac, who was striding towards her. Yet she loved Cormac, her husband, in much the same fervid manner as she loved her child, while she cared but little for her step-son Nial.

Both Cormac and Nial had been absent at Tara, where was being held a Convention of the Druids and Princes of Leinster; but whereas Cormac had gone thither because he was a man of some importance in his sept, Nial's errand had been a private one of his own suggestion. He had gone to try to persuade a certain Druid who was connected with their sept, to use his magic power to take the spell off the sick child.

Nial was not beautiful like Earc, and would indeed have been downright ugly were it not for the colour of his eyes which were dark blue and had moreover at all times an intelligent and kindly look in them. Now as he came forward, though his face was haggard and weary, they shone with a light that made Clothra augur the best.

"Tis well!" she exclaimed, "surely the wise man has removed the spell." But as Nial shook his head, her face fell.

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"But at least he will aid us to vengeance!" she cried.

"No," said Nial, "but what matter is that?"

"Not to you, mayhap!" was the angry retort, for Clothra never forgot, though Nial often did, that he was only Earc's half-brother.

"Tis you that have not done your errand at all."

"Ah but I have, Clothra. Between this and Tara I met with a man wiser than all the Druids, and he bade me tell you to have no fear of spells, which are but a delusion of evil."

"And the High Druid, has he not forbid him to speak?"

"He would not obey; I tell you the holy Patrick—as men begin to call him—fears neither the many gods of this land, nor the Druids, nor spells, for he serves One to Whom all these are nothing."

Clothra's dark eyes grew round; she had no great love for the Druids, only a fear that amounted to dread, and as for the gods she had no great faith in them seeing that she tried a different one every day. It might be this stranger could lift the spell off her boy, so she questioned Nial eagerly.

"Is he of our race?"

"Ay, but not of our country. He was brought as a slave to Erin and suffered much, but he escaped at last, and—"

But Clothra would hear no more, and wrung her hands in bitter disappointment. A slave! What could such a one do to help? It was no use for Nial to try to tell her how Patrick was no slave but noble by birth, and how he had come to bring glad tidings of the one true God and the Saviour of the world. Still less use would it have been to attempt to tell her of the wonderful light that had dawned on his own soul.

"Tis myself I blame!" wailed Clothra, "to be trusting a good-for-naught." She despised Nial both for his plainness, and for the humbleness of mind that made him slow to take offence when unjustly reproached.

Nial turned away now and went to Earc's bedside, the child greeting him with a cry of delight, for a deep affection existed between the two. But now as Nial looked at the sick child's wasted form and fevered eyes and heard him, who had once been so brave and high-spirited, scream with terror because a spider dropped upon his hand, it took all his faith in the holy Patrick and his teaching to believe

that the child was not under the influence of some spell too strong to conquer.

EVERY moment he had to spare Nial spent by the sick child's side. At night he was always on the watch to replenish the fire so that there was but rarely such a cry as had roused Clothra. She was heard, for by his care he was able to save Earc from the darkness he dreaded. But he had many tasks to perform out-of-doors since his father exacted much service from him. One day on his return home he found an evil-looking old woman crouching by Earc's bed. There was no one else about for his mother was helping a servant to grind corn in the big quorn at the other end of the enclosure.

Nial recognized the old woman at once as a reputed witch and when he saw the terror on Earc's face he was so angry that without a word he took her by the shoulder and almost flung her out of the room. She dared not resist but outside she paused and cursed horribly, calling down the vengeance of all the gods she knew and of the Druids on his head.

"I fear none of them!" he cried. "Begone!"

Then as she crawled away she turned and screamed loud enough for the sick child to hear. "I tell you all your care of yonder weakling is of no avail, for on the night that all the lights must go out, he will go out too."

Nial went back into the house seeking as best he might to comfort the terrified child. But his heart was sick within him. The dread of that one night of the year on which according to Druid law every light but theirs must be extinguished was on himself as well as Earc, even though Patrick had told him to have no fear for the terror of that night was about to pass for ever.

As the dreaded night drew near Nial made up his mind that at all risks—and these were not light since disobedience meant death if discovered—he would kindle a fire as usual on it. There was every chance, however, that he might do so without discovery for the house was divided into two chambers by a thick oaken door, on the other side of which was the sleeping-place of Cormac and Clothra. Cheaply as the latter held him, she knew there was no need for her to trouble to wake when Nial was at hand. The only window in the room where Nial was wont to watch by Earc was so tiny that he could easily darken it by means of a board and a piece of cloth.

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Yet as Nial sat by his brother's side and the hour for extinguishing all lights drew near he could not shake off a sense of dread. The old woman's great kept ringing in his ears and though as yet the child slept quietly it seemed to him that the air grew colder and clammy in his grasp as the shadows deepened round them. The daylight lingered yet outside but within the dusk gathered thickly. The room was almost dark when, rising with a yawn, Cormac kicked out the last remnants of the fire and followed by Clothra went to bed.

It was not until a sound resembling distant thunder told Nial that Cormac was asleep that he ventured to move and close every pane of the window, and as soon as that was done, feeling rather than seeing, he set to work to rekindle the fire as noiselessly as he could. The ashes were fortunately still warm and a faint red glow illumined the room as he bent down to pile on three dry birch logs.

As he did so the outer door was burst violently open and a man rushing in struck him a violent blow on the head, while another hastily scattered the fire Nial had kindled. A mocking laugh outside told Nial who it was had guessed that he might disobey the Druids. He struggled to rise that he might at least reach Earc's side but as he did so another blow stretched him senseless.

The men satisfied with their work, and fearing that Cormac who had ceased snoring might avenge his son, fled hastily, leaving the door wide open behind them.

Then someone moved in the darkness and there

was a pitiful cry of "My brother! oh my brother!" Earc's great love for his brother had over-powered even his terror of the darkness and forgetful of all else he bent over him now and tried to raise his head. Then he remembered that an earthenware jar stood in a far corner of the room and he tried to feel his way to it. But now the darkness seemed to wrap him around and blind and stifle him and he could not reach it. In spite of himself the old cry of "Light! Light!" rose to his lips though Nial could not rise to give it to him.

Yet did it seem as though his cry was answered for suddenly a brilliant light illumined the place and showed him, to his great joy, Nial leaning on his elbow and looking at him, while Cormac and Clothra stood in the doorway of the inner room with scared faces. It seemed as though the Hill of Slane was on fire, so glorious was the bonfire that blazed to heaven on it.

"What is it?" they asked. But Nial, whose senses had now returned, rose to his feet and catching Earc in his arms carried him out to see the wonderful sight. He knew that there was but one man in Ireland who would dare to light a fire this night on the hill of Slane, the highest hill in Meath.

Earc laughed and clapped his hands as the flames leaped up; and cried "I shall never be afraid any more, Nial." Whilst his brother with a strangely uplifted look upon his face murmured, "He told me all would be well on Easter Eve; I did not understand then, but now I know. The darkness is past and the day dawns."

An Every-Day Prayer

JAMES W. GIBBONS

Today, yes every day, I ask

Of Thee, dear Lord, but one request;

I do not long for pomp or power,

Or with great wealth, would I be blessed;

I ask not of you glory, gold

Or friends, to count them by the score;

I simply ask, Thy blessing Lord,

And grace to love Thee more and more.

The days roll into weeks and months,

And time rolls on in endless years,

And yet I know the time must come

When I must leave this vale of tears.

In that last hour, I only ask

Thy mercy, Lord, extend to me,

Forgiveness, a happy death,

And then eternal rest with Thee.

The White Rose of Lucca

The Story of Gemma Galgani

MATTHEW KUEBEL

3—The Coming of St. Gabriel

BY the time that Gemma reached her eighteenth year, she had scaled the heights of spiritual perfection. All the virtues had taken deep root in her soul. She was completely detached from the world: her soul being, no doubt, in the eyes of God, as white as Alpine snows and all aglow with the fire of Divine Love. She had been the recipient of sublime spiritual gifts without prejudice to lowliness of heart; and while she was most charitable, most prayerful, full of faith, and completely possessed by spiritual aspirations, still she seemed convinced that she was far, far away from her high spiritual goal.

She knew how to draw inspiration from everything for renewed fervor in the service of God. Thus in the changes of the seasons, in the beauties of nature, which seemed to her the reflection of the loving smiles of heaven, in the solemnities of the Church, even in her little successes and triumphs, she felt the close presence of a Kind Providence directing her sanctification. Thus she continued always to spur herself on in the divine service. To draw nearer to the Divine Lover of her soul, to be more closely united with Him was her one pre-occupation, her all-absorbing desire. And so at the approach of the New Year, 1897, she wrote in her book of memoranda the following note:

"In this New Year I purpose to begin a new life. I know not what is going to happen to me during this year. I abandon myself to Thee, O my God! All my hopes and my affections shall be for Thee. I feel my weakness, O Jesus! but I rely on Thy assistance, and I resolve to live differently, that is, nearer to Thee."

The visions, the apparitions, the heavenly voices with which she was favored at this time, made her despise the things of earth and ardently long for the happiness of Heaven. Therefore, she greatly rejoiced whenever she fell sick, thinking that God was about to take her to Heaven; and when she would recover, she felt grieved and dis-

appointed. But little by little God revealed to her that, before this ardent desire would be fulfilled she must travel the way of the cross, after the manner of her Blessed Redeemer. So on one occasion when her desire for Heaven was particularly strong, she asked our Lord at Holy Communion why He did not take her to Paradise. "Because my child," He answered, "I will give thee many occasions of greater merit in this life through the increased longing for Heaven, while bearing patiently the pains of earth."

These words of our Divine Lord fired her young heart with a great yearning for suffering,—that bread of the strong which was to bring her to the summit of sacrifice, there to be immolated in a blissful union with the Crucified. No greater proof of the genuineness of her sanctity could be desired, than the fact that ordinary trials did not satisfy her. The love that burned in her noble heart was great and strong to an extraordinary degree, and therefore, its channel, its sustenance, its test of strength must be equally great. The year 1896 is the time at which, she records, that an over-whelming desire to suffer with Christ possessed her soul. "I began to feel an insatiable longing for suffering," she tells us, "and to be able to share my Savior's pains. In the midst of my countless sins, I every day besought Jesus to let me suffer much. 'Yes my Jesus,' I used to pray, 'I wish to suffer, and to suffer greatly for Thee.'"

FIRST, an ailment of the foot, an affection which she disregarded but which shortly developed gangrene, forced the physicians to use drastic measures to avoid amputation. The deep probing of the wound and a vigorous scraping of the bone, operations that made those who witnessed them shudder with horror, were but a portion of the excruciating remedies employed. The courageous girl refused to take an anæsthetic, and bore the terrible pain almost without a murmur. It was thus, she afterwards said, that in response

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to her earnest entreaty to send her some suffering that Jesus consoled her.

Then Signor Galgani, through the machinations of certain unscrupulous persons, little by little lost his comfortable estate, a loss that reduced him and his family to privation and want. Close upon the heels of this misfortune, Signor Galgani contracted cancer of the throat, and soon after, on the 11th of November, 1897, he died. There upon his home

was besieged by lawyers and creditors, who stripped the house of almost everything that could be carried away. And so Signor Galgani's seven children and two maiden sisters, being left without any means of support, often lacked the very necessities of life. Gemma deeply realized the greatness of the sacrifice that God was demanding of her in common with the rest of the family; she felt these misfortunes most keenly, and because of the hardships they brought upon the rest of the family, she wept bitter tears.

This distressing burden of misfortune was afterwards much relieved through the help rendered by relatives. Gemma was invited to stay with her Aunt Carolina Lencioni, who was rich and quite able to support her comfortably. As before hardship revealed her fortitude, so now her detachment became apparent, for, work in the house, prayer, and solitude were her only joy.

But new circumstances did not remove the cross, for, spiritual difficulties now took the place of temporal privations. At her new home Gemma was expected to conform to the ways of fashionable society, and her efforts to do so caused her great remorse. Yet she did not wish to offend her relatives by seeming to reprehend in them what she

felt was not good for herself. The disappointment that she caused them by her reluctance, or rather inability, to follow their manner of life gave her real pain. She was, therefore, much perplexed, and there was no one whom she could consult to find out what to do. Even the Divine Master was silent and seemed unwilling to help. But Gemma only sought the Master with all the greater ardor; she continued to pray with her usual fervor; increased her efforts

to strengthen the union of her soul with God, she made frequent visits to our Lady's shrine to pray for the repose of her father's soul.

HE attracted a great deal of favorable attention while she lived at Camaione, and it was this that was destined to bring her stay there to an abrupt end. Her conspicuous modesty, the austere simplicity of her manner of dress, could not hide the grace and beauty of her face and person; instead, both these qualities became more strikingly apparent. A young man of the

place, of good family, having seen Gemma, fell in love with her, and without further preliminaries made overtures to Signor Lencioni for the favor of his niece's hand. The proposition was very favorably received. Here seemingly was a Providential interposition to relieve the distress of the late Signor Galgani's dependents. When the subject was broached to Gemma, she not only would not listen to the proposal, but resolved to leave Camaione at once. She, therefore, cast about for some pretext to carry out her purpose. The desired opportunity was not long in coming, for, soon after she was afflicted with severe pains in her head and back. Thereupon Gemma besought her aunt and uncle to send her back to Lucca. They

The Crucifix of Limpias

FRANCIS KEAN MACMURROUGH

In distant Limpias, remote in Spain,
And yet from Santander not really far,
By boat or diligence or farmer's wain,
Something has happened wondrous, singular.

I speak, as 'twere, as one not of the Faith—
Of Fra Anselmo and associate—
Who in the village church saw, not a wraith
But God's dear Son and Her's, Immaculate—

In this drear world, now riven so by strife,
The Prince of Peace again His quest fulfills—
A wooden Crucifix has come to life
At this Shrine in the Cantabrian hills.

And soon again the voice of God will speak
To men, so says Anselmo, saintly seer,
And this time, all men, Jew, Gentile and Greek
Will know their Lord and give attentive ear.

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were very loathe to let her go; but Gemma was so insistent that she could not be denied.

On her return home, her illness did not, by any means, pass away as quickly as it came. Rather it hourly grew worse, with developments rapid and serious—curvature of the spine, a severe attack of meningitis followed by total loss of hearing, large abscesses on her head, then paralysis. The saintly girl tried to keep her illness a secret, but as one symptom after another appeared, she had to give in. What she feared most was the medical examination, but when the physicians were called, she resigned herself to obedience and made a sacrifice of her will to God. The malady was diagnosed as spine disease, and was so treated, but without avail, for Gemma grew worse.

Thus a whole year passed, during which Gemma hovered between life and death. It was a veritable crucifixion, for, being unable to move hand or foot, she had to remain day and night in the same position, unless when moved by some kind hand. Gradually the delicate frame of the young girl wasted away, her strength becoming less and less, until she was a mere shadow of her former self. To save the dying girl the doctors had recourse from time to time to severe operations, for which as usual she refused the anæsthetic, when the spasms of pain well-nigh snuffed out the flickering flame of life that remained.

THE misery of the family meanwhile increased, because of the additional expense they were under for medicines and doctors fees for the relief, if not the cure, of the invalid laboring under a malady that apparently must be fatal. They could not bring themselves to undergo the embarrassment of declaring their need to Gemma's many sympathetic friends, who undoubtedly would have given them assistance. The result was that things came to such a pass that they were unable to provide for the poor invalid the commonest household remedies.

During all these sufferings Gemma was not left without consolation. God sent her good angel to comfort her. "If Jesus afflicts thee corporally," said the angel, "He does so in order to purify thee more and more."

Through one of her kind visitors, Gemma became acquainted, so to say, with St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, and this acquaintance-ship afterwards proved the silver lining to the dark clouds of affliction lowering over her. Until then

she had not even heard of the saintly Passionist, and at first did not take to him, although many of her friends were praying to him for her cure. When, therefore, a certain lady offered her the saint's life to read, she accepted the offer more for courtesy's sake than for any interest she had in the saintly subject.

But it was God's will that Gemma should become specially devoted to St. Gabriel. On one occasion, soon after she received the saint's life, she became deeply immersed in a black melancholy accompanied by an unwonted agitation of her soul. The many heavy crosses that she had borne and that were then weighing upon her, were represented to her mind in their darkest hue, as if all were the direct result of her faithful service of God. Contrasted with this was the picture of the joys, the pleasures, the general well-being of mind and body that might have been hers, had she not chosen to devote herself so completely to God's service. Although unaccustomed to such attacks, Gemma knew that these suggestions did not come from Heaven, but originated with the enemy of her soul. Instinctively she turned in prayer to Saint Gabriel and at once her heart regained its peace. The malignant suggestions were repeated again and again, and as often she made appeal to St. Gabriel with the same instant success, until the attacks altogether ceased.

SHE was deeply grateful to her heavenly benefactor, and was inspired with immense confidence in him after this proof of his power with God. She remembered the life that she had laid aside, and taking it up, read it again and again with increasing interest and affection. From that time on St. Gabriel was a special patron. At night before going to sleep she would place his picture under her pillow; at all times the thought of him was in her mind; in some mysterious way she saw him standing always near her. When the lady came back for her book, it was with great regret that Gemma returned it, and she could not restrain her tears.

Nevertheless, the soul of the afflicted girl was filled with spiritual joy, the harbinger, no doubt, of the great privilege that she was about to receive. That night while she was asleep she clearly saw someone bright as an angel, standing near her bed. She did not recognize him at first, though she knew that he was no ordinary person but, in truth, a

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heavenly guest. When she saw the Passionist habit, she quickly recognized him as St. Gabriel, but could not utter a word. St. Gabriel did not stay long; this visit was merely his introduction to the saintly girl. He merely asked her why she had cried when returning the story of his life; bade her to be faithful; assured her that he would return to her and then was gone. That this was a genuine apparition and no mere dream, was proved by what followed.

During her protracted and painful illness, Gemma came to long more and more for the religious life. She was convinced that this was an inspiration from Heaven, and, consequently, had a great desire to promise the Blessed Virgin, that if she were cured, she would enter religion. Her confessor, approving of this resolution, gave her permission to make a vow to this effect.

The soul of the angelic girl was filled with consolation; eagerly she awaited her communion of the morrow, when she would promise her heavenly Mother to enter religion, and would make the vow of virginity—a permission the confessor at last granted her, after having denied it for a long time. With these thoughts in her mind, Gemma fell to sleep, when she received another visit from her beloved patron, St. Gabriel. "Gemma," he said, "make your vow to be a religious freely and with a good heart, but add nothing to it." He meant that God had in store for her a mystic immolation far more sublime than that of the religious life. But the simple girl, not understanding this, asked him why she was not to add anything to her vow. The Saint's only reply was: "My sister!" Then he took the heart such as the Passionists are accustomed to wear, and giving it to her to kiss, and placing it on her breast, he repeated the salutation and disappeared. Thus the year's martyrdom that Gemma suffered was checked by alternations of pain and consolation.

When Gemma suddenly took a turn for the worse at this time it was generally thought that this must be the beginning of the end of her suffering. This anticipation proved correct, but in a different way from that in which it was expected. On February 2, her whole frame was racked by convulsions of pain as the result of new tumors that appeared on her head and back. The physicians thought of operating again, but the weakened state of the invalid did not permit. The doctors, unable to do anything more for her, pronounced

her case hopeless, and by their advice the last sacraments were administered, as Gemma was not expected to outlive the night.

BUT it was not God's will that Gemma should die. Only a miracle could save her, and God wrought this miracle in reward for her heroic patience. When it became known that Gemma's death was momentarily expected, one of her old teachers came to see her, to say good-bye until they should meet in heaven. She advised Gemma to make a novena to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, assuring her that the saint would obtain her cure. To please the good sister, Gemma began the novena. Near midnight of the first day of the novena, February 23, 1899, she became aware of the rattling of a rosary, felt the touch of a gentle hand on her head, and heard a sweet voice repeating nine times in succession, the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary,' and the 'Gloria.' The devout girl was too weak to answer. When the prayers were finished, the same voice asked her whether she wished to recover, and without waiting for a reply, advised her to pray every evening to the Sacred Heart, and promised to come every evening to pray with her. No need to declare this time who he was. Gemma knew all the time that it was St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows. He kept his promise faithfully; each time resting a kindly hand upon the saintly girl's forehead, while they recited the novena prayers together: always the nine 'Our Fathers,' 'Hail Marys' and 'Glorias,' and at the end three extra 'Glorias,' to St. Margaret Mary. The last day of the novena, which was the first Friday of March, Gemma received Holy Communion amid a torrent of heavenly delights. Then Jesus Himself asked her whether she wished to be cured. She was so overcome by emotion that she could not reply, but her thought was: "Jesus, whatever Thou wilt." Our Divine Lord willed her cure, and she knew at once that the grace was granted her. "Gemma's cure was as perfect as it was instantaneous—the Sacred Heart being its author; St. Margaret Mary, the intercessor; and St. Gabriel of the Dolours, the instrument."

It was only a little after two o'clock when Gemma arose, those around her weeping with joy. She, too, was happy, as she beautifully says, not because of her recovery, but because Jesus had chosen her for his child.

(To be continued)

The Lay-Retreat Movement Necessary in America

GEORGE PHILSON

"This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity,
Few are the faults we flatter, when alone."

Young—Night Thoughts.

TURNING back the pages of history, we read of a golden age, a silver age, an iron age; later we come to an age of chivalry, an age of reform, an age of adventure; and if we may give a name to our own age we shall not be far wrong if we call it the age of industrial enterprise. Industry has taken possession of the land; and no man can stand by idle and live.

That we American people are industrious is our pride. But the danger arising from our constant and close contact with material things and their interests, is, that they absorb us so much, leaving neither time nor energy, and, too often, not even will, to look to higher things. Man is so busy about "much serving," about his material well being, that it blots from his view, "the one thing necessary," the knowledge and service of his God. In other words, constant attention to business life tends to confine a man's thoughts, desires and aims in a material groove. Entrenched in this environment he is constantly exposed to the danger of losing hold on the great truths of revelation and the practice of what revelation teaches. This constant devotion to industry and public business life, unless carefully and wisely ordered will beget a certain lax spirit of living, and a hardness and unscrupulosity which blunt the edge of honor, habituate the mind to compromise and over-reach, and to forget distant ends and interests in the short-lived triumphs of this present life.

Yet, the mere distractions of our daily life are not our most dangerous enemies. There are greater dangers, more insidious enemies; false theories of religion and morals which almost without our knowing it, poison our thoughts, pervert our ideals, and weaken the divine health and vigor of the faith within us: indifference in matters of belief, a tolerance of false ideals of family life, loose morals, vile and anti-Christian literature, false standards of honesty in business, a defiance of authority—Socialism and a host of other errors.

Now, it is next to impossible to live in a defiled atmosphere without being contaminated. Hence

the necessity at times to climb to clearer and holier heights and fill one's lungs with soul-saving draughts of unpolluted air.

"O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great,
By thy pure stream, or in the waving shade
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid."

—Young.

IT is necessary to dwell on the pure truths and unselfish principles of our holy faith, which are a medicine and an antidote against these evils.

It is this opportunity which Retreats for laymen offer. We must all admit the fact that the struggle of modern life tells on the body as well as on the mind; but do we ever stop to think that it is also wearing and trying on the strength and purity of the immortal soul? When the body craves for rest we give it repose. But the soul, the nobler element of our being, should also have its time of calm in which it can be strengthened and fortified in the principles of right living.

Many lack interest in the Retreat Movement, because they have never come in contact with the beneficial results obtained through it. They seem to cling to the principle "What sanctified our forefathers is sufficient to sanctify us;" and they ask, are not missions doing the same good work?

Granted, and only the apostle who has worked in the missionary field can appraise the results obtained and the harvest of souls that is saved at every mission. The idea of a mission is familiar to us all. We must not, however, confound a mission with a retreat. Good and helpful as a mission is, the retreats for the individual man mean something more. The very word suggests the difference for "Mission" means a sending. God's messengers are sent to us to exhort and to arouse us. We come together for awhile each day to hear their instructions and to pray, and then we go home or to our business and soon forget the message of God which we have heard. But in retreat we ourselves retire

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from the bustle of our daily lives to give ourselves entirely without distraction to intimate converse with our Creator. We arise from our daily tasks and go apart to God.

Some men will ask, why should I make a retreat? The answer to this question is well given by a writer in the *Canadian Messenger* for August 1910.

"No doubt the means already in vogue are sufficient, if they are rightly applied, and profited by to the full. But here is just the difficulty. The weakness of poor human nature is such that even the most potent remedies gradually lose their efficacy and fail of their effect. We quickly lose the spirit and fall into routine. Even the holiest

states, the sacerdotal and the religious are not immune from this weakness, but need an occasional awakening. Now if the means of grace so liberally scattered along the path of the priest or the religious, if the daily offering of the Holy

Sacrifice, the recitation of the breviary, and the continual dealing in holy things; if daily Mass and Communion, and meditation, and frequent spiritual readings, and multiplied prayers, and examinations of conscience, and exhortations, are found so insufficient for men and women cut off from the world and living in an atmosphere of the supernatural, that a yearly retreat of a week is prescribed by bishops and by every religious rule, who will say that the man-in-the-street who lacks all these aids to salvation, who is flung into the midst of temptation and thrown into daily contact with sin, stands in no need of an occasional spiritual rousing, and should not be given the opportunity of making a bare three days' retreat?

"Let the layman be satisfied with the ordinary means, forsooth!" Abolish retreats of religious and

clergy, and you will have the condition of things such as it was before the Council of Trent. 'Let him be satisfied with the means of grace that sanctified his fathers before him!' Yes, on condition that you roll back the world's history and place him in the same circumstances in which his fathers lived."

RETREATS for the laity have been greatly encouraged by the Catholic Church. Pontiffs again and again have given their special blessings to the movement, conscious of the immense agency for good that such retreats are.

Pope Pius X in 1904 wrote of the retreats: "One cannot conceive a better method for saving the

working men exposed, at the present time, to so many dangers. Since our elevation to the Papal Throne we see still more the importance of these retreats for the end we have in view, 'to restore all things in Christ.'"

And on

one occasion he said with great feeling: "I wish to be the Pope of Retreats."

Pope Leo, his illustrious predecessor wrote in 1900 about retreat work: "There is no doubt that these retreats, penetrated with meditation upon the celestial truths, procure not only the sanctification of individuals, but the general utility of society. We have learned with the most lively joy of the creation of this new work, and of its fruits, already so abundant. We desire to see this work, so happily begun in France and Belgium, spread with equal success among other nations."

These words certainly make clear that the mind and heart of the Church is in this movement, and no one having the progress of religion at heart, can be indifferent to it, or stand aloof, branding it as a novel or an unnecessary institution.



BOSTON CITY HALL'S EMPLOYEES' RETREAT

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His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, on July 15, 1920, sent an autographed blessing, giving "His Apostolic Benediction on the work of Retreats to the faithful laity in the Passionist Monastery of Saint Gabriel, Brighton, Mass., and a special Blessing to all those who go through the spiritual exercises in the aforesaid Monastery."

THE thought of making a spiritual retreat ought not to be rare or distasteful to our Catholic men of

America. They are in as much need of it as their European brethren among whom it has become an annual custom. To leave the active life of the world, its gaities and its pleasures requires some courage in him who has never done it. The best of men, however, have found pleasure in occasional retirement, and it betokens some moral

defect when one has no desire to be sometimes alone.

"Converse with men makes shape the glittering wit,
But God to man doth speak in solitude."

The need of the spiritual retreat movement in our industrial age is admitted by all who thoroughly understand and have come to appreciate its value.

His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell in his eloquent address at the dedication of Saint Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass., said: "In the fever and agitation of modern life the need of meditation and spiritual repose impresses itself

on the Christian mind. Men will grow hard-hearted and selfish and semi-barbarous unless above their eyes a higher standard is erected. The modern world needs to learn the great secret of repose, quiet, thoughtfulness and peaceful retirement. In the middle ages, when the older civilization of paganism had run its course and failed, the monastery was a beacon light that blazed from the hilltops of Europe and summoned men to lay down their arms for a while and soften their hearts to the sentiments

which created Christian civilization. Within the quiet walls of these spiritual fortresses another and a far greater battle was fought out—the conquest of man by himself—and a new knight-hood, a Christian knight-hood, arose, not to give battle, but to give peace."

In concluding his address, Cardinal O'Connell said: "The dedication of

this Monastery sets aside another institute destined for the welfare of the whole community in which we live. Up here on the heights is set a beacon light which will guide thousands in the way of true living and real happiness. Lift up your eyes to it often. Climb the steep hillsides every now and then. Knock at the portal of this citadel of God, enter and rest."

Thousands have already heeded the invitation. Most Rev. Archbishop Regis J. Canevin addressing the Retreat workers at Pittsburgh, Pa. April 29, 1918, said: "From the very earliest days, not only of Christianity, but of history, men have



OFFICERS OF THE LAYMEN'S RETREAT GUILD

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prepared themselves for great things by retirement, by living in solitude and in meditation and prayer for a time. We find this in the history of the Old Testament, and we find it in the New. Even outside of revealed religion great minds have gathered strength by retirement and prayer. It seems to me that men at certain times of their lives should withdraw themselves from their worldly occupations and spend their time in prayer, in order that as men and Christians they may better fulfill the work before them."

His Eminence Cardinal Farley of New York speaking of retreats and missions said: "The mission is not a retreat. A mission is filled with many distractions, and its work is scattered. The truths men hear in a mission are not so deeply etched on their souls as if they were entirely secluded. In a retreat you are free from distraction of your faculties; you have a whole series of instructions and exercises knitted together in logical sequence; you are made to think and to judge things at their true value."

world, can reap immense spiritual fruit from a regular course of spiritual exercises.

Spirituality did ever choose retirement. That is why it is so unattractive to the worldly-minded. They love the shout and bustle of the crowd. Their happiness is found amid the excitement of public assemblies, little dreaming at what cost of vitality and nerve power, what lowering of ideals, what wallowing in shallow mediocrity. "Quiet is the element of wisdom; the calmest man is the wisest; for the mind is of coral stone, around which thoughts cluster silently in stillness, but are scared away by tumult." Need we wonder that life at times becomes

such a burden to them? Oh, if they but knew the blessings of a retreat! How they would seek its stillness as the very balm of their souls! Its attractions would be irresistible.

The most pressing need of the Church in America today is men well-instruct-

ed, well trained in Catholic truth and discipline—

"Wanted! Men!

Not wealth in mountain piles,

Not pawn with gracious smiles,

Not even the potent pen:

Wanted! Men!"

—Men with consciences as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men in whom the courage of everlasting life still runs deep and strong; men who know their duty and attend to it; men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, and men who are not ashamed to say "No" with emphasis; and lastly, trained men, imbued with love and devotion to Holy Mother Church, who will reflect the beauty of the Christian character and defend her in the arena of the world.



BOSTON BUSINESS MEN'S RETREAT

THE retreat movement, of rather recent date in this country, has attained a gratifying growth. In fact one of the consoling signs of the times, amidst the present upheaval of things, is the interest manifested by the Catholic laity in the retreat movement for men. Those who have the progress of religion at heart are particularly gratified in seeing numbers of men from all walks in life entering zealously into a work which means so much for their spiritual welfare.

It should be made clear that retreats offer the same advantages to the laity as to the clergy, and that all, whether living in the cloister or in the

Childhood Echoes of Nazareth

VALERIAN DIDYMUS

WE have often seen children at play. During these cool, bracing days of autumn, we see them frolicking in the fields and along the byways. How they do enjoy a game of "Hide-and-seek". What fun they have following one another through the piles of crisp, dry leaves that lie in the roadside or along the rugged path!

And yet as we watched the children at play, did the thought of the Child Jesus ever enter the mind? Did we ever try to picture to ourselves the Holy Child in the fields of Nazareth, playing with other little children? We need not strain the imagination, nor force the fancy. We need only realize the truth that the Savior willed not only to appear, but also actually to be, a Child. However it may have been with His interior life, outwardly, at least, there was nothing to distinguish Him from the children among whom He lived. He obeyed the laws of childhood, which are as universal as childhood itself. With this truth before our mind, we can easily imagine the Child associating with the neighboring children and joining them in their childish pastimes; now it is a game of "Follow-the-Leader"; or perhaps, tired of that, they play "Hide-and-seek." Sometimes the Child Jesus gently, and silently, steps behind a playmate unawares, and placing His hands over His companion's eyes, asks, "Guess! Who it is?"

In the cool, quiet hour of the morning, the Child often gathers the few crumbs left after breakfast and scatters them along the garden walk for the birds of the air that nestle in the trees above Him. And silently, thoughtfully, He watches these little winged creatures eat of the bread He gives them.

And can we not see the Child, in the soft, mellow light of evening, seated on the doorstep of the cottage, gazing pensively towards the distant hills? See, He is watching the flaming sun poise for a moment above the high hill and suffuse its summit with crimson hue. His countenance brightens with a light divine, for He is thinking of the Hill of Calvary. Softly, He sighs: "How long, O Father, how long!"

When the years of manhood came, and Jesus walked among men, we catch, now and then, echoes of these, His childhood days. Once, while walking along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, He saw certain fishermen, and He called to them: "Follow Me!" As little children, they promptly followed the Leader. Another time, He uttered the invitation: "Seek and you shall find!" And we know how His disciples would seek Him, how even the little children sought Him, and how Mary Magdalen went in search of Him,—and found Him! How often too, did He approach a blind man, and gently placing His hand across the poor man's eyes, ask: "Whom do you say I am?" Immediately came the answer in tones of surprise and child-like faith: "Thou art the Son of God."

How beautifully He pictured the Kingdom of Heaven as a great sheltering tree! To its spreading branches, the souls of men shall wing their way, like the birds of the air, and nestle there, in peace and rest,—those souls whom He loves so much and whom He has so often fed with the Bread of Angels.

He spoke of the birds of the air, of the flowers of the fields, and even of the downy chicks that snuggle under the maternal wing. All these were the friends of His childhood days.

And behold! the last dying echo lingers on the Hill of Calvary in all its winning charms of childhood. For, look up and see the gentle Savior, dying on the Cross. Wide are His arms outstretched, and we seem to hear him say: "I love you—this much."

To the children of God is it given to continue the sweet echoes of the Savior's childhood, not only in this life, but even for all eternity in Heaven. Christ has said: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of God." Hence, as little children, the Blessed in Heaven gather around the Throne of God, and looking up into His Holy Face, they cry: "My Father!"; and turning towards Mary Immaculate, they exclaim: "My Mother!" These are the sweetest, the everlasting echoes of the childhood days at Nazareth.

Archconfraternity of



the Sacred Passion

Advantages of Membership

WHY should one become a member of the Archconfraternity of the Passion? Is it worth while? Assuredly it is. The numerous benefits bestowed amply compensate for the conditions of admission and for whatever efforts may be made to increase true devotion to Christ's Passion. In truth, the many advantages of membership in the Archconfraternity of the Passion should appeal to every man and woman, who sincerely desires heavenly riches, the happiness of others, and personal contentment and peace.

First, there are indulgences and privileges which have been granted to individual members by the apostolic letters of different Popes, and especially by our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. Next, there are benefits springing from the companionship offered by the Archconfraternity, such as good example, encouragement, and assistance. Finally, there are to be numbered the blessings given by God to parishes, schools, and families, wherever the Archconfraternity is established and where it successfully accomplishes its great mission of preaching Christ Crucified.

Consideration of these favors will show the value of membership, and at the same time make this society better known and appreciated.

The innumerable graces received by members of the Archconfraternity certainly bring home the familiar saying that God will never be outdone in generosity. For as the Popes from time to time lavishly adorned this society with the gifts of the Church, so God with infinite liberality rewards the members for their faithful remembrance of the Sacred Passion, and for persuading people to think of it.

REFERRING to the excellence of this society, the Sovereign Pontiffs point out the principal divine gifts offered to members. First among them is knowledge. That the apostle St. Paul truly esteemed this grace may be seen from his claim: "I know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." The Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas

Acquinas, attributed all his learning to the Crucifix. It was the Science of the Cross which inspired the martyrs in their heroism, which enlightened the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, which lured apostles and missionaries from home, friends, and country, into strange uncivilized, and hostile lands, to make known the love and power of the Crucified. This science it was which brought the saints safely through the temptations and struggles of this life to everlasting joy and heavenly glory. By often thinking of Our Lord's sufferings, by reading leaflets and books treating of the Sacred Passion, by attending the sermon and devotions at Archconfraternity meetings, members advance in this science and imbibe more and more the knowledge of the Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The virtue of fortitude is likewise mentioned as a special grace of the Archconfraternity of the Passion. The saints kept the Crucifix before their eyes that so they might be strengthened to practice self-denial and to suffer all things with humility and obedience. The members of this society are "armed with the same thought," and willingly "choose the cross, despising the shame." They blend their voices with the chorus of the militant Church, exclaiming "If we suffer with Christ, we shall also be glorified with Him."

In times of worry and doubt, of trouble and discouragement, of disappointment and failure, of humiliation and ingratitude, of sorrow and death, of bodily suffering and affliction, members of the Archconfraternity should look up into the Face of the dying Christ, Who will remember them, comfort them, strengthen them, and give them patience, resignation, and peace. In a word, the grace of fortitude enables us to practice the lessons of Calvary, and to unite our sufferings with those of Christ.

Piety is another grace given in a special manner to members of the Archconfraternity. It is the gift, which prompts them to remember devoutly the Passion of Our Lord, and to imitate Him according to their strength. Listen to St. Paul the Apostle, who possessed this grace: "Christ loved me, and

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delivered Himself up for me." "Far be it from me to glory, save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ." St. Peter also reminds us that "Christ endured the Cross, leaving you an example that you should follow in His footsteps." Such words should constitute the motto of every member of the Archconfraternity. The more interest they take in the society, the better they understand every motive for detesting sin and loving meekness, charity, modesty, gratitude, cheerfulness, self sacrifice, and every virtue that makes this life happy and secures an eternal reward.

THE Archconfraternity then is a fruitful source of divine blessings, whereby the members learn more of Our Lord's Passion, and how to suffer with Him and to walk in His footsteps. To obtain these graces, it is certainly worth while joining the Archconfraternity of the Passion.

Our enumeration of the advantages of this society would be very long if all the indulgences were enumerated, which the members may secure for themselves and for the souls in purgatory. In the month of February, 1918, our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. confirmed the list of indulgences granted by his predecessors and added a great many others. As may be seen in the manual of the Archconfraternity, it is possible for the members to gain a plenary indulgence frequently every month on the usual conditions of confession, communion, and some prayer for the Pope's intentions. They may gain a plenary indulgence every time they piously recite the Litany of the Passion, or as it is also called the Steps of the Passion. When a visit to a church is prescribed as one of the conditions for gaining the plenary indulgence, the members may substitute five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys in place of it. Among the partial indulgences, the most noteworthy is that of ninety nine years for saying the Litany of the Passion. On certain days in the year, when the Stations or particular Churches in Rome are venerated, all who belong to the Archconfraternity receive the indulgence of thirty years and as many quarantines. Seven years and seven times forty days are granted to members each time they are present at the monthly meeting. The fact of their membership entitles them to forty days indulgence for every prayer, for every act of piety,

for every act of charity towards the neighbor, and especially for every effort made by word or example to promote devotion to the Sacred Passion. Surely, in view of all this, it is worth while becoming a member of the Archconfraternity.

The privileges conceded to the members are exceptionally great. Admission to the Archconfraternity entitles members to share in Passionist missions, retreats, and other works of apostolic zeal. Think of the numerous acts of worship and virtue performed during a mission or retreat, the number of careless Catholics brought back to the feet of Jesus Crucified and given a new start, the many non-Catholics received into the true fold of Christ, the sacrifices of both missionaries and people—to share in the merit of all these works is the privilege of members of the Archconfraternity. Moreover, members participate in the Masses, prayers, and good works of Passionist Religious throughout the world. They are likewise beneficiaries of the prayers, penances, and works of piety and zeal of Passionist Nuns, and of the other branches of the Archconfraternity. The members are privileged to wear the "Sign" or Scapular of the Passion. At the hour of death, a member may receive the Papal Blessing with a plenary indulgence from the Director of the Archconfraternity. In South America, the Archconfraternity has its own cemetery. In Ireland, Scotland, England, Spain, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Australia, there are privileges enjoyed by members, which, on account of local circumstances, render the Archconfraternity one of the most desirable of all societies. The rich favors granted to members in these United States should convince every American Catholic that it means much to belong to the Archconfraternity of the Passion.

Though many appreciate the advantages of membership in the Archconfraternity, the impelling motive ought to be gratitude to Jesus Crucified. His Sacred Passion and Death means the redemption of every soul, reparation for the sins of mankind, and reward of eternal life. God has granted innumerable favors to His creatures, but the mysteries of the Passion proclaim more than anything else His infinite love and generosity to them. Apart then from the advantages one may gain as a member of the Archconfraternity, let gratitude be the reason for the most active interest in this society.

Index to Worthwhile Reading

SUPERNATURAL MYSTICISM. By Rev. Benedict Williamson. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. Price \$2.75.

The title given to this book describes only a part of it; the greater portion deals with the ascetical life. The author is thoroughly acquainted with spirituality. He is very practical, and enriches his teaching with the most impressive word or deed he may chance to find in the experience of favored souls. He brings into service every illustration that will render clearer and more appreciable the science of the saints. Religious communities will be glad to include this book among those dealing with the obligations of their state. The part treating of mysticism reveals the mind of one who has had considerable experience with souls devoted to mystical prayer. The *Call to Contemplation*, given as an introduction by the Bishop of Plymouth, is a gem of religious literature.

THE WORD OF GOD. By Monsignor F. Borgongini Duca, S. T. D. Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Rome. Translated by Rev. Francis J. Spellman. Introduction by Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price \$2.00.

These explanations of the Holy Gospel were first published weekly in pamphlet form by the Society of St. Jerome in Rome. The author's high reputation for scholarship would lead the reader to expect something exceptionally good in this most recent work, and we are in no sense disappointed. The simplicity, the directness, the inspiring tone of these treatises exhibit anew the great attainments of the writer. The apposite quotations from the Saints and Doctors of the Church as well as the author's own erudition make this book a very helpful commentary on the Gospels of the Sundays. At the conclusion of each chapter, we find an appropriate example from the lives of the Saints. For the sick at home or such as are unable to be present in church for the sermon on Sundays, this book, the publishers well say, will prove to be a great blessing. The translation has been exceptionally well done. We think that a lower price would have contributed largely to a more extensive distribution of the book.

PSYCHOLOGY AND MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE. By Professor John Hawley, M. A. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. Price \$2.50.

This is a critical study of mysticism, or rather of the psychic phenomena of the religious life. As a philosophy of religious experience, we venture to say it is one of the best books on the subject. Whoever is acquainted with the philosophy of the Schools, will appreciate and carefully study this work. Certainly he will be rewarded with a new and better understanding of the meaning and importance of psychology. The author never wanders from his purpose, and while serving it gives the reader clear-cut, penetrating views of the separate workings of sense, and mind, and will. He is forced to deal with the theories of agnostics. For instance we find a critical examination of the subliminal self of Meyers, and the field of the subconscious of James, which disposes easily of the findings of the new psychology. Clearness never fails the author, even when dealing with the most difficult topics. He brings illustrations to his aid—parables, he calls them,—which prove him a master in his art. As with a searchlight he illumines the path leading to a complete understanding of his subject, but again and again he draws into the same light a number of cognate subjects. The genesis of faith is masterful. A philosophy of asceticism is admirably set forth between the covers of this book. And we would note especially his cameo reference to the Rosary. This is a book that will attain its place as a classic, and should be found sooner or later in the library of every thoughtful man and woman.

A MOTHER'S LETTERS. *A Book for Young Women.* By Father Alexander, C. F. M. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons, \$1.10.

In this little book of about 100 pages we have thirteen letters of a mother to her daughter, in which she imparts needful information and sage counsel on matters of sex. There is no dearth of books under such captions as "What a Young Girl should Know" professing to give sound instructions to adolescent women. Many of these go too far and set forth data in a repulsive manner; others fall short and are obscure and insinuating. Certain authors are not above the suspicion of pandering to morbid curiosity, thus bidding for an extensive sale. The

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question of sex is a difficult one to broach. It demands tact, wide experience, and the purest of motives. All these requirements Father Alexander possesses in an eminent degree. In the treatment of this most delicate of questions he strikes a happy medium. We would have no hesitation in putting his book into the hands of any young woman in the advanced classes of college or convent. In his preface the author quotes from a personal letter of commendation from the Most Rev. Thomas White-side, late Archbishop of Liverpool: "I have carefully read your booklet, and parts of it I have read and re-read. . . . As far as my opinion is of any value, I think you have said neither too little nor too much. . . . You have given a young woman what was necessary to avoid obscurity and further questioning. You have done that well. . . . In a word, I think you have been most successful in treating of the whole sex question." We would especially recommend the two chapters "A 'Real' Woman" and "A Girl's Future" as peculiarly timely and helpful.

CHILDREN OF GOD. By Mark Moeslein, C. P. New York: The C. Wildermann Co. Price: cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50c.

Few books of the present day will be more welcome to the general reader than this "summary of Catholic Doctrine for busy people" by Father Moeslein. A glance over the contents might lead one to suppose it was an enlargement of the catechism; but as the different chapters are read, one is agreeably surprised by the way the author presents the subjects with which we thought ourselves familiar, and when reluctantly the book is closed, it is with a resolution to take it up again on the first opportunity. There are many books which explain and defend the teaching of the Church, but this work of Father Moeslein stands out among them as the latest proof that these ancient doctrines are ever new. Certainly it will be welcome not only to priests and the laity, but will interest many a non-Catholic, who desires to learn what Catholics believe and do.

Throughout the book, Father Moeslein keeps faithfully and interestingly to the theme that all men are the "Children of God." He treats in the opening chapters of the relationship between God and men, and briefly tells us what religion is, the

infinite greatness of God, the mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity. In natural order, the author describes in a few words the creation of the angels, the rebellion of the devils, and then the world and man. He writes of man, first as a creature of God and then as an adopted child of God. In successive chapters, the author continues his fascinating story of man's trial, his sin and its punishment. The Redeemer is pictured as the Savior of mankind, as Man's most loving brother, and his greatest friend and benefactor. We read in detail of the fruits of Christ's love for men, especially the establishment of the Church and the institution of the Sacraments. The author brings his admirable work to an end with short chapters on the Holy Ghost, the communion of saints, and life after death. The conclusion offers a rule of life for the children of God.

In these pages, controversy seems to have been carefully avoided. We find nothing in the work that would in any sense antagonize the reader; on the contrary, Catholic doctrine is explained in a simple attractive manner that appeals directly to those already familiar with it, and persuasively to such as know little about it. It is a book that we believe will accomplish much good. As a drop of dew on a blade of grass glistens like a diamond in the morning sun-light, we may say this work will appear to many as a clear brilliant reflection of the sun of truth. Moreover, its convenient size, its brevity, its suggestiveness, its completeness makes it a book that can be read and read again with pleasure and profit.

Many "not of the one fold" are anxiously looking for a book of this kind. They know something about Catholicism, but their knowledge is far from complete: sometimes, at least, it is more misunderstanding than ignorance that keeps them from becoming loyal children of the true Church. They hesitate to ask questions of their Catholic neighbors and often Catholics neglect seasonable opportunities to make the Church's teaching better known. Father Mark Moeslein's book will help the Catholic to give information to those who desire it, and Non-Catholics will be delighted to get such knowledge in this easy practical way. If you secure one copy of this book, it is safe to say you will obtain more for your friends and neighbors.

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